

The Horseman's News

Magnificent Leads Mr. Bryson's Filly In Endurance 'Cap

Two-Year-Old Son Of *Challenger 2nd Runs Fast Mile And 70 Yards At Bowie

Mrs. E. Graham Lewis' Virginia-bred 2-year-old **Magnificent** sped the fastest Endurance Handicap recorded at Bowie since that juvenile stake was changed from the mile and 1-16 to the mile and 70 yards course in 1933. Bettering the time of last year's winner **Fenelon** by the narrow margin of 1-5 of a second, **Magnificent** covered the distance in 1.45 2-5, as he led E. K. Bryson's filly **Cis Marion**, Houghton Metcalf's **Hop Skip** and five other youngsters across the line, having given away weight to them all, in the 18th running of this \$7,500 added feature which took place at the Southern Maryland track on November 21.

Magnificent, a bay colt by the Maryland sire ***Challenger II**, out of the good **Pennant** mare **Minnant**, dam of the stake winning mare **Augury**, was bred at the late Admiral Cary T. Grayson's Blue Ridge Stud, near Upperville, Va., and sold by that estate in the 1939 Saratoga sale to Glen Riddle Farms for \$6,000. Under his present owner's red and white silks **Magnificent** made his first appearance little more than a month ago at Laurel in the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Stakes, wherein he finished 3rd. His next outing several days later resulted in victory, over **Misty Isle**, **After Dawn**, **Hardy Bud** and others. Following two other attempts at Pimlico early this month in which he failed to register in the money, the colt turned in a bang-up performance in the Walden Stakes, finishing second to **Whirlaway**. With his latest accomplishment, **Magnificent** has earned thus far, in but six starts, some \$10,525.

George D. Widener's 4-year-old gelding **Birch Rod**, by the Virginia sire **Pompey**, gave Mrs. E. Graham Lewis' **Pagliacci** seven pounds in the Prince George Autumn Handicap and still beat the elder **Caruso** gelding, a convincing two lengths when they fought it out among eight others for the 18th running of that all ages stake at Bowie last Saturday, November 23. Though **Birch Rod** has scored a number of times in handicaps of the Class D variety this season, last Saturday's performance was his first stake triumph since he won the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga as a 2-year-old in 1938.

The fastest six furlongs that have been run during the current Bowie meeting up to the present writing were turned in on November 20 when the Virginia-bred 3-year-old **Wood Chopper** also took the measure of **Pagliacci**, this in the Good-speed Handicap which featured that day's card, and which was accomplished in 1.12 2-5. Though this fairly commendable time was matched the following day by E. K. Bryson's **Clyde Tolson** in the 4th race,

it has not been bettered since the 13-day meeting got under way on November 16. **Wood Chopper**, a son of the late **Woodcraft**, has won altogether seven races this season.

Wood Chopper went down to defeat, however, last Monday in the Hardcastle Handicap, as Tall Trees Stable's veteran **Crack Brigade** gelding **Bill Farnsworth** hung up his second straight triumph in less than a week's time. Winner in other days of such stakes as the Plymouth Rock Handicap, the Woodside Handicap and the Harlem and Woodmere Claiming Stakes, the now 7-year-old **Bill Farnsworth** has carried on with some reputable performances this year, among them his victory in the Susquehanna Handicap at Havre de Grace two months ago.

The following list contains all winners by sires standing in East Coast States which have scored during the past seven days, from Wednesday, November 20, through Tuesday, November 26.

BOATSWAIN (Mass.)
Dream Boat, 3, br. f. (Amelia, by Haste), Bw., Nov. 20, 6 f., cl., 1.13 4-5. \$ 850
Sailor King, 2, br. c. (*Lady Rosemary, by Blandford), Bw., Nov. 21, 1 mi., 70 yds., M. Sp. W., 1.46 1-5. \$ 850

BUD LERNER (Md.)
Sack, 8, en. g. (Fantastic, by Hannibal), Bw., Nov. 22, 6 f., cl., 1.12 4-5. \$ 850
Miss Fix It, 4, br. f. (Belle of Plymouth, by *Wrack), Bw., Nov. 25, 6 f., cl., 1.15. \$ 850
Wise Brave, 2, br. c. (Indian Queen II, by April), Bw., Nov. 22, 6 f., allow., 1.13 1-5. \$ 850

CANTER (Md.)
Blacant, 4, b. g. (Black Mamma, by *Light Brigade), Bw., Nov. 23, 1 1/2 mi., cl., 2.35 3-5. \$ 925

Blacant, 4, b. g. (Black Mamma, by *Light Brigade), Bw., Nov. 20, 1 1/2 mi., cl., 1.55 3-5. \$ 850

***CHALLENGER II** (Md.)
Magnificent, 2, br. c. (Minnant, by Pennant), Bw., Nov. 21, 1 mi., 70 yds., Endurance 'Cap., 1.12 2-5. \$ 6,550

CRACK BRIGADE (Md.)
Bill Farnsworth, 7, b. g. (Princess Nora, by *Spanish Prince II), Bw., Nov. 25, 6 f., Class C. 'Cap., 1.13 2-5. \$ 900
Nick, 3, b. g. (Quantico, by *Sir Grey-steel), Bw., Nov. 26, 6 f., M. Sp. W., 1.15. \$ 850

***GINO** (Va.)
Gino Thor, 3, ch. g. (Sun Thor, by *Sun Briar), Bw., Nov. 22, 1 1-16 mi., cl., 1.48 3-5. \$ 850

IDENTIFY (Md.)
Miss Identify, 2, br. f. (Rock Gold, by Bay d'Or), Bw., Nov. 20, 6 f., cl., 1.14 2-5. \$ 850

JACK HIGH (N. J.)
High Blame, 4, b. g. (Blame, by *Wrack), Bw., Nov. 25, 1 3-16 mi., cl., d. h., 2.06 4-5. \$ 525
High Top, 4, b. f. (Panoramic, by Chance Shot), Bw., Nov. 20, 1 mi., cl., 1.41. \$ 575

***KANTAR** (Md.)
Cherry's Child, 3, br. f. (Cherokee Sal, by Peter Pan), Bw., Nov. 22, 1 1/2 mi., cl., 1.57 3-5. \$ 850
Son Altesse, 3, b. c. (Her Grace, by *Bright Knight), Bw., Nov. 20, 1 1-16 mi., allow., 1.47 3-5. \$ 850

ON WATCH (Va.)
Dark Watch, 4, br. g. (Tulane Maid, by Axenstein), Bw., Nov. 21, 1 1/2 mi., cl., 2.37 2-5. \$ 850

PILATE (Va.)
Pirate, 2, br. c. (Our Cherryote, by My Play), Bw., Nov. 20, 6 f., allow., 1.13 2-5. \$ 850

POMPEY (Va.)
Birch Rod, 4, lt. b. g. (Slapstick, by Broomstick), Bw., Nov. 23, 1 1-16 mi., Prince George Autumn 'Cap., 1.47 1-5. \$ 4,325
Pompey, 5, ch. h. (Keep On, by Friar Rock), Bw., Nov. 21, 1 mi., cl., 1.39 1-5. \$ 625

SUN BEAU (Va.)
Paper Sun, 5, ch. h. (Paprice, by *Papyrus), Bw., Nov. 23, 1 1-16 mi., cl., 1.47 2-5. \$ 575

***TEDDY** (Va.)
Royal Teddy, 4, ch. c. (Royal Ruler, by *Royal Canopy), Bw., Nov. 23, 1 1-16 mi., cl., 1.48 4-5. \$ 850

WOODCRAFT (Va.)
Wood Chopper, 3, b. c. (Highland Belle, by High Cloud), Bw., Nov. 20, 6 f., 'Cap., 1.12 2-5. \$ 990

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Hunting Notes:-



ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media, Pennsylvania. Established 1859. Recognized 1904.



On Monday, November eighteenth, hounds met at Lima at nine o'clock and stayed out until two-thirty. The going I must report at second-hand—woe is me! Between Darlington Hill and the far reaches of Glen Mills, hounds uncovered four foxes, two of which after casual circlings went to earth. The third, a mangy red, came to speedy grief. Poor thing, he was probably half dead and unable to run if he had wanted to. The fourth fox, however, was made of sterner, sporting stuff than his brethren, for he led on a stout run of an hour-and-a-half through the Glen Mills country before hounds pressed him to earth. Please note that hounds are quite consistently taking the measure of their quarry. Foxes either give up and go to ground or else—!

Tuesday, a serene day of sunlight and blue sky, hounds started out from the Kennels at one-thirty. A field of about thirty followed down the beautiful club course into Mr. Henderson's woods. Not until hounds had drawn through Dr. Hutchinson's lower meadows and crossed back across Kennel Road into Mrs. Bodine's did they uncover the line of a fox. For the rest of the afternoon this wary old red led us for miles and miles through Mrs. Bodine's, Dr. Hutchinson's and Mr. Austin's, through Allen's Hollow (entering at the lower end by way of the Old Malachi Pankin place—Malachi Pankin—there's a grim name for you!) into St. Peter's and St. Paul's, across the road into the Atwater Kent property and on back into Mrs. Bodine's for another circling. It was an afternoon of good, fairly steady, but not too fast sport. For though time and again hounds chorused away in swift bursts of speed, also time and again they checked. Though invariably they picked up the line they could not hold it continuously. As we viewed the fox the line could not have been cold. Scent was obviously "catchy."

Thursday was as to weather what my groom calls an "in and out" day, with the sun temperamental in its comings and goings. The air was soft with a bit of south wind, casual in its touch and filled with the autumn smells of ploughed earth and fallen leaves. Good scent today! For once, in my guess about that recurring elusive, maddening, unpredictable will o' the wisp, I baited a home run! For as we left Gradyville at one-thirty and followed Mr. Jeffords ("Will you take over, Mr. Jeffords?" asked M. F. H. James Kerr as he trotted by with hounds, "Yes," said Mr. Jeffords, though he added with a smile, "I thought I was through with that years ago.") Hounds

picked up a line at once in Mendonhall woods and chorused into the lit and rhythm of perfect music. Yes, indeed, scent was good and hounds were going away! The field had to gallop on at top speed to keep the flying hounds in view. Through the woods, across the field, down the steep hill of the lower woods we swung to the Sleighton Farm Road. Left up the road, left again into the field, back through Mendonhall into Mr. Hare's woods, over a couple of stout fences, across the road at the Green Farm into Mr. Jeffords'. And now we swept through the wide meadows and up and down the splendid hills of the Jeffords' domain at the breath taking speed that is one of the two major thrills of fox hunting—the other is watching hounds work! Down through Pickering, up and across and down Hunting Hill, through the meadow, over the Gradyville road into the home place. Here a momentary check for which we gave thanks as we watched and listened. Were hounds going on or turning back? Back towards the lower pines! We turned left at the road and galloped left through the Gorman Farm across the field to the woods. Across the path in the woods a great oak had fallen. Mr. Jeffords barely paused. Over he went. We had to follow suit or be left in the ruck. The huge log probably wasn't as high as our usual post and rail, but its girth and solidity made it look formidable. Up the hill—like the king's men! and down again we flew,—nothing so sedate as marching!—across the field, down Hunting Hill, across the creek and on to Chestnut Sprouts. Here the fox gave up and went to earth in a hole brand new to the field. Like humans, I suppose, foxes now and then like to build new houses. Unlike humans, they don't have to pay taxes! As Mr. Jeffords now had to pull out, Mr. Blakeley took over for the rest of the afternoon. The field followed through Mr. Piersol's property and through Land's End on around to the Chicken Farm. Here in the Pines, hounds tongued forth glad tidings and followed fast on the line of another speedy red on a wide loop through Pickering across the Gradyville Road into the lower end this time of the Jeffords' home place and back again into the Pines from whence he started. In these pines he played a sweet little game of ring around a rosy with hounds. But it takes two to play that game! and hounds held up their end valiantly. The going waxed fast and furious. For an instant the short yap-yap of hounds sounded like a kill. At Mr. Kerr's word Whipper-in Crossan galloped straight into the pines to check hounds. Such a fox must live to run another day! Everyone, including the fox, then went wearily but happily home.

As Edward Quigley is no longer huntsman for the Rose Tree, M. F. H. James Kerr plans to hunt hounds

MR. NEWBOLD

ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. I., Pennsylvania. Established 1929. Recognized 1931.



An apparently ideal scenting day was in evidence. The ground was damp from several days' rain and the air was on the raw side with no sun. Although the wind kept shifting hounds drew Trichler's North Woods blank but on the far end of Paulo's

for the rest of the season. For long years Rose Tree will talk of the obstacles Quigley took in his stride, for long years remember the ten seasons he followed his hounds across fields and over hills and through woods with sharp eye, keen ear, and high courage. Wherever your path may lead you, may good fortune always attend you, Huntsman Quigley!—P. G. G.

North Woods hounds almost bounded on a gray which apparently had been dozing on a stump, and treed him quickly. Hounds were taken away and he was finally dislodged and ran through the Hosenack Road Woods and on straight north toward Vera Cruz. A steep 20 ft. bank caused the field to make a wide detour and by the time we crossed the Hosenack Line Port Road hounds had gone over the big field ahead of us and could be just heard in the distance. Pressing on we caught them on the east bank of the Hosenack Creek where they had rolled over their fox in the open.

We then drew the lower half of our northern country but unfortunately although several old lines were encountered hounds could not make anything out of them and finally a day was called and hounds returned to kennels after having been out about five hours.—J. H.

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Notes From Great Britain

Breeding Of Heavyweight Horses Continues In England Despite Fears Of Pessimists

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

It would be interesting and informative to have the complete statistics regarding country stallions (both thoroughbred and heavy horses) for the 1940 season. From such figures as I have before me it would seem that there has not been a falling off in breeding to the extent feared by pessimists. Last Spring one frequently heard that owing to the number of young horses left on the hands of breeders, owing to ploughing-out of grassland, cost of fodder, shortage of men (especially those keen on stable work), and increase of machinery for the land, few owners of hunter and agricultural mares would breed them this year. Despite all these discouragements and the uncertainty of the future, a great many foals will be dropped in the coming spring. The fact is that there is a growing feeling amongst agriculturists that the day of the horse is by no means done. Recent sales have encouraged this belief not a little. As to hunters and light horses generally, the future is not so clear. Much depends on the length of world hostilities as to when the market for hunters and the foreign market will reopen and also as to the price they will bring. It has always been said "A good hunter takes no selling; it's the misfits nowadays that are difficult to get rid of." There are many who are convinced that despite the general impoverishment of everyone there will still be many who will pay a good price for a good horse when peace times return. At the moment hunters are a drug in

the market—nobody wants them at any price.

Next spring it is unlikely that there will be premium thoroughbred stallions travelling, and, without such subsidy, owners of sires would naturally be compelled to charge higher fees than that hitherto paid for the services of premium sires. Whereas many owners of mares were willing to pay two guineas for the use of a good stallion on the off-chance that they might get 'something useful', knowing them as I do, and having travelled stallions, I am convinced that they will not pay five guineas, so that it is possible in three or four years' time there will be a real shortage of hunters in England, and that those who do continue to breed will be well paid. Some few hunts will next season buy or lease blood stallions for the use (at a small fee) of the farmers in their countries, and some heavy horse societies are to lease stallions for the free use of their members. There is, however, a growing feeling that the day of hairy-greasy-legged horses, consuming (as they do) an enormous amount of fodder, is done, and that mere weighty obesity cannot compete with the activity and greater power of endurance, and longer life of usefulness of such lighter breeds as the Cleveland Bays. At home and abroad this type (fixed as a type anterior to the thoroughbred) has been much in demand in recent years and will be still more so when shipping again becomes normal.

There will probably be no more abandoned races during the remainder of this season for the Jockey Club have decided that if the track upon which races were advertized to be run is not available they will use their powers to select another. We live in uncertain days when bombs and troop movements may alter plans, and the Jockey Club have acted wisely in suspending the rule that if a race is advertized in **The Calendar** for a specified place it cannot be transferred elsewhere. Of course the final decision as to whether they will run their animals on tracks which may not suit them rests with owners and trainers.

Turf judges are often harshly criticized, although rarely by those mainly concerned—owners, trainers and jockeys. These know how the slightest angle alters the appearance of the finish of a race, and they also know that the man in the box is trained for the job, best situated to carry it out, and completely disinterested. Moreover they appreciate the difficulties of the official's duties, especially on a wide course such as Newmarket, where winner and second may finish on opposite sides of the track. Major L. Petch has been a Jockey Club judge for three years, but he first acted at Newmarket at this Cesarewitch meeting. He had 'neck' and 'short-head' decisions to give, and (cool and efficient though he is) he must have felt a good deal of strain, for the eyes of the Jockey Club were upon him. This has a much greater psychological effect than have yells of disappointment and disapproval from backers who are 'shouting through their pockets'. As a matter of fact there were no such 'demonstrations', and Newmarket crowds are invariably much more restrained in this respect than are those at some provincial meetings where 'booing' the judge and 'barracking' jockeys, is still heard. On the whole, however, race crowds are much better behaved than once was the case, and they never went to the extreme lengths of those in France, where disgruntled backers have on occasion swarmed threateningly on

to the course and into the paddock. In that country they have even attempted to set fire to the buildings when decisions have not pleased them.

I remember one famous English turfite remarking, when one of his horses was beaten by a nose, "I'd thought mine had just got there but there's only one man can really tell".

He added, "You never know what's won till the numbers go up—and not always then!" A story is told of a jockey at the old Richmond meeting trotting back to the box after a close finish to ask the judge by how far he had won. "You were beaten a head", replied the official. "Thank you", courteously replied the jockey,

Continued on Page Seventeen

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SEASON 1941 Psychic Bid

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

Chestnut Horse, foaled 1932 by Chance Play
—*Queen Herod by Tetratema, second dam
Reine de Neige by Roi Herode.

PSYCHIC BID won the Sanford Stakes (beating Omaha, Boxhorn, Today, etc.), Hopeful Stakes (by four lengths beating Rosemont, Esposa, Omaha, etc.), Weybosset Handicap (beating Time Supply, Miss Merriment, etc.), was beaten a nose in Aberdeen Stakes, and was also second in Juvenile and National Stallion Stakes. At two he also was third in Wannamoisett Handicap, giving the winner 15 pounds. His juvenile record also included fourth money in the Shawmut Stakes under top weight. In the Youthful Stakes he lost his rider, and he was knocked down at the start of the Futurity. As a 3-year-old he won the Laurel Stakes, Scarsdale, Fall River Handicaps, was third in Preakness, Wilson Stakes, and Jerome Handicap. At four he was second in Paumonok Handicap.

PSYCHIC BID is sire to September 1 of 5 two-year-old winners from his first crop, including the stakes winner Big Stakes.

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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Continued from Page One

They are depicted as worthless, swayback crowbait.

Nothing can be farther from the truth.

The leading spirits in the Continental Army were almost without exception men famous for their horsemanship not only, but breeders and owners of horses of the highest type. Many of them were the proprietors of thoroughbred studs. The animals that they rode themselves were of the highest form and breeding.

Those which the rank and file of the mounted soldiery rode were in large proportion animals of superior blood and individuality. This not only applies to the troops from the "Cavalry Colonies" such as Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, but many Northern states as well.

While racing had been tabooed in Puritan New England, the records show that previous to the Revolution many thoroughbred and part thoroughbred stallions had been in use there and the general class of horseflesh was of anything but the "crowbait" variety.

Rhode Island had her famous breed of Narragansetts, which were among the finest saddle horses in the world.

It is memorable that Washington, one of the greatest of horsemen, being so impressed by the high caste of the grey horses ridden by a troop of Connecticut cavalry, made inquiry about their breeding and upon finding that they were the get of a grey Oriental stallion that for years had been standing in and about Hartford, caused him to be bought and sent to Virginia. This was the horse known to the American Stud Book as **Ranger**, otherwise **Lindsay's Arabian**, crosses to whom will be found in many of the best American pedigrees, including those of the present day.

So much for the Tory novelist's denigration of the horses ridden by the patriots in the Revolutionary War.

If the rest of the "documentation" of his novel is on a par with it, the less said about it the better.

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PFIZER CUP

Continued from Page One

away beating **Emperor Jones** by three to take the Ajax Bowl.

Thanksgiving a year ago, Mr. Martin proved that he owned the fastest lightweight hunter in the Essex field and with his second successive win, he seems a horse that should make a very creditable showing if put into training for the country meetings.

(Editor's Note: A year ago our same scribe wrote as follows: "A glance at the card was like turning back the pages of hunt meeting history, for of the 19 entries that made up the two races, 11 were ridden by their owners and most of those that weren't carried husbands, sons or close relatives, members of Essex to a man . . . Down the backstretch, by the woods, this race appeared to move as fast as any Maryland or Meadow Brook and when the horses landed over the final fence of this line, and turned down the hill for the last few furlongs that tell the tale, they were running in earnest . . . **Amberbrook** had moved up into contention as had Mr. Kenneth Schley, Jr. on his father's **Spider Allen**. It was a battle royal between fit, fast horses and capable riders . . . So it was **Amberbrook** with speed in reserve, who ran a ding-dong finish with **Rocky Shore**, 2nd.

"No winner could possibly have been picked that was more in the tradition of hunter racing. Mr. Martin who rode hunter races back in 1913, bred **Amberbrook** from a mare of his own and raised, broke and schooled him. This 8-year-old chestnut is now the only hunter in the Martin family and as much a member of it as anyone else.")

SUMMARIES

8th Running of Charles Pfizer Cup, about 3 miles over natural hunting country, for entries acceptable to committee. Cup presented by Mr. Arthur A. Fowler in memory of Charles Pfizer, Esq., M. F. H. Minimum weight 175 pounds.

1. **Amberbrook**, Mr. S. E. Martin, owner up.
2. **Censurer**, Mr. R. P. Gibb, owner up.
3. **Rocky Shore**, Mr. Anderson Fowler, owner up.

8th Running of Ajax Bowl, about 3 miles over natural hunting country, for entries acceptable to committee. Cup presented by Mr. R. S. Pierpont. Minimum weight 200 pounds.
1. **Trumpaway**, Mr. Percy Pyne, owner up.
2. **Emperor Jones**, Mr. F. E. Johnson, Jr.
(Above two races run together. No time taken.)

HOWE STABLE FILIES

Continued from Page One

dolph \$ 1.200
Time Passes, ch. c. 1936, by Time Maker—Duration, by Hourless; George Perry 750

Impshi, b. f. 1937, by Diavolo—Scarborough, by Bridge of Earn; A. F. East 500

Shaheen, b. f. 1937, by Gallant Fox—Kestrel, by Wrack; E. C. Eastwood 1,200

Fee Patch, b. c. 1938, by Granville—Lepeseda II, by Durbar II; E. D. Talbert 250

Illuminated, b. f. 1938, by Granville—Lueur, by Bruleur; Railroad Stable 550

TOTAL: \$ 4,350
AVERAGE: \$ 725

Property of P. M. Burch
Durable, b. g. 1937, by Eternal—Banner Miss, by Pennant; E. D. Talbert \$ 600

Property of S. L. Burch
High Lance, ch. f. 1937, by *Lancegaye—High Bird, by High Time; B. F. Christmas \$ 625

Property of Mrs. W. W. Vaughan
Canslip, b. f. 1937, by Catalan—Cowslip, by Over There; C. M. Feltner \$ 100

Property of W. W. Vaughan
Canspasse, b. f. 1937, by Catalan—Passe, by Over There; W. L. Baker \$ 400

Scatalone, b. g. 1938, by Catalan—Miss Jones, by Broadway Jones; E. D. Talbert \$ 550

Lanstip, b. f. 1938, by Catalan—Cowslip, by Over There; G. S. Brenton \$ 100

TOTAL: \$ 1,050
AVERAGE: \$ 350

Property of Mrs. L. Johnson
All Lady, b. m. 1935, by Sweep All—Lady Dean, by Chilhowee; G. Perry \$ 290

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Paper Chase Race Won By Mara Belle At Irondequoit

BY EDWARD DICKINSON

Mara Belle, an aged, halfbred by **Long Tongue** just purchased by William J. Levine from the Rochester Cavalry Troops dispersal of a string of some 160 head proved the winner in a paper chase of thirty-two entries, sponsored by the Irondequoit Spur Club on Thanksgiving a la Roosevelt morning. The chase, a sort of point-to-point, started at the stable of Dr. F. L. Stein, a well known, western New York veterinarian, and marked carefully by a trail of paper, led into the bridle paths of Durand-Eastman Park on the shore of Lake Ontario, some six miles from Rochester. This park, outside of the city limits, was donated to the city by the late George Eastman and the late George Durand, and covers several thousand

acres. From the park the trail swung along the lake, through two miserably treacherous swamps, up a hill past the abandoned Rock Beach Riding Club, made a wide semi-circle in a woods and ended on a flat about a quarter of a mile from the starting point. But the whole trail was about six miles and offered all kinds of going—some unsurpassed footing on carefully made bridle trails and other parts were—like the swamp mentioned. Less than a head separated **Mara Belle** from Edwin Spittal's **Holiday** who ran a close and pushing second, sometimes leading **Mara Belle** by yards, then falling behind and finding **Mara Belle** on top.

Following the chase several mounted games were run off with Mrs. Donald Hallauer winning a musical stalls race for ladies, Donald Hallauer winning a musical stalls race for gentlemen, Lester Frasch and William J. Levine tieing for first in mounted, dart throwing, and Edmund Siebert winning a potato race.

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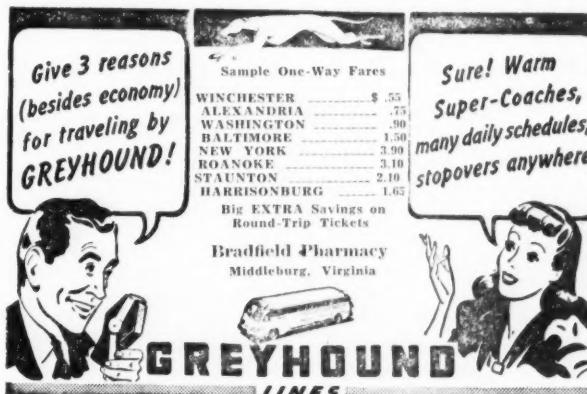
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Foxhunting Day On Golf Links Of Dorchester

**Foxes' Fondness For Golf
Balls Brings Foxhounds To
His Earth And Produces A Run**

A. HENRY HIGGINSON, M. F. H.

Dorchester, the County Town of Dorsetshire, is a flourishing centre. Its two principal Inns can hardly be called up-to-date hosteries, but they possess plenty of old-world charm which more than makes up for their lack of modernity, and one never passes the door of the Judge Jeffreys Tavern without calling to mind the grim days of the old jurist's "Bloody Assizes," which were held in the Court House across the road. The Dorset County Club, which has its quarters on High West Street, was founded in 1882; but it was more than twenty years later before the need of a golf club was felt by those pioneer devotees of the "Royal and Ancient game", who longed for the chance to pit their skill against each other.

Just who was responsible for the laying out and construction of the links I do not know; but to-day there is an excellent course on land owned by Lady Christian Martin, which forms part of that great property surrounding Came House, which lies between the borough of Dorchester and the city of Weymouth on the seacoast. The Came Down Golf Club, as it is called, possesses a very pretty course where one can always be sure, on a hot summer's day, of a cool breeze from Weymouth Harbour which lies below. In winter it is sometimes a bit bleak on the hills, and it was on one of those cold winter days that a little knot of enthusiastic followers of the South Dorset Foxhounds were gathered in the hope of getting a gallop which would send the blood coursing through their numbed fingers and toes. There were not more than ten of us out that morning, and we were doomed to disappointment, for although there were foxes in the gorses near the third green, they had no intention of facing the driving snow which whitened the landscape and balled in the horses' feet. It was a dreary morning, and I think everyone was glad when the Master at last gave the signal for home.

"We'll come back again in a day or two," he said, "and see if we can't kill some of those foxes. The Secretary told me the other day that the cubs steal all the lost golf balls".

"What do you mean?" I asked. "They're not good to eat." He laughed.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know what they want them for unless its to play with; but all I can tell you is that when we dug out a fox here one day, we found eleven golf balls in the earth, and the caddies tell me that they find the remains of them chewed up outside the earths often during the summer; and that being the case," he went on, "we'll have to come here again very soon. I'm putting on a Bye-day from Stafford Green on Saturday. If it's a decent day, we might come here after we're through with the other coverts."

And so it happened that three days later, after we had had a useful but somewhat uninspiring morning with these same hounds, the Master said:

"Well, now suppose we go to the golfed that golfer with great interest, be-

links and see what can be done there to make up for that bad day earlier in the week."

In these Wartime days, the South Dorset Hunt is honoured by the services of a very pretty amateur Whipper-in. Miss Peggy Phillips has a voice that would be the envy of many a professional; she rides like a centaur and moreover she is not only ornamental but most useful and knows her business as well,—aye better,—than many a man who advertises for the position of First Whipper-in in that sterling publication, **Horse and Hound**. Hounds were being hunted, on the day of which I am writing, by the Master, Captain C. M. Wellesley-Wesley, and Will Jackson, the professional First Whipper-in and Kennel Huntsman, was the third member of the Hunt staff. The Field comprised a couple of Officers of His Majesty's Forces, home on leave from France; two ladies; two or three farmers; a couple of children; and the writer; and some of us had been out on the day previously described. We had had a fair morning, but hounds had accounted for no foxes; and in these days, the killing of foxes is of the utmost importance; for it is not only honour which must be satisfied, but the farmers of the district and the Ministry of Agriculture, as well.

Hounds were jogged down parallel with the fairway which runs from the second to the third hole, and thrown into the gorse just back of the third green, where two staid members of the golf club were trying to hole out.

"Leu in there," caroled the Master. "Yoi push 'im up; try for him." Hounds dashed into the gorse, while I sitting outside on my horse, watched one silently profane old gentleman miss an easy putt, to the amusement of his opponent. I couldn't hear what he said, but I saw his lips move convulsively and I'm sure he was cursing hounds, Master, foxes, and everything to do with foxhunting. His opponent smiled patronizingly and addressed his ball; and then he too suffered what might be termed a set-back, for just as he was about to make his putt, a hound spoke inside the gorse, not twenty yards from the edge of the green, and the Master's encouraging cheer rang out.

"Yoi, wind him, old dog. Hark to Bradman. Push 'im up, Bradman."

This time I heard what the golfer said,—"Bradman indeed" he muttered, "does he think this is a cricket match? Damn these hounds anyway." I don't have time to see whether he missed his putt or not, for just then Miss Phillip's "Tally-ho o v e r" brought us to the far side of the gorse just in time to see hounds chop their fox on the edge of the open down. The Master was off his horse in a moment, but he didn't even have time to take the trophies of the chase from the pack, before there came a holloa from Jackson, who was stationed on the edge of the gorse above the third tee, which is on a little rise of ground thirty yards from the green where the two old gentlemen had holed out. Hounds flew to the holloa and by the time we had galloped to the edge of the gorse, they were chivvying their fox about inside it. On the tee below us one of the golfers was about to drive off; his ball was teed up; and he was addressing it in the most orthodox manner.

Now, I am not a golf player. I have been known to play "at" the game, but the good lady who bears my name tells me that it is a trial to play with me, though she does it occasionally. Nevertheless, I watch-

cause I know well how easy it is to drive into the gorses from that tee, if one is flustered.

Hounds were speaking inside the gorse and it cannot have been easy to drive; but one could tell from the sound of the impact of the club that it was a good drive, and it was with an air of smug satisfaction that the man who had driven off first watched his opponent as he teed up his ball. I was watching him too, and so I did not see the fox which broke from the gorse and ran almost between my horse's legs, until he was upon me. The Master galloped by me with some profane remark about men who watched golfers instead of being on the lookout for foxes; and then we all settled down to ride behind the pack, which forced that fox in a big-left-handed circle, across the fairway, and over the boundary fence into a farmstead beyond. For the next ten minutes we had a merry gallop over the open grass fields which lie beyond the links, but our pilot must have had a fondness for golf, for he re-entered the club property near the eleventh hole, and running across the green, made his way over the fairway which stretches down to the next hole nearly four hundred yards away. Luckily, there is a strip of waste land parallel with the fairway, and along this the Field galloped, as hounds crossed the road into Came Wood and left the golf links behind them. There were quite a few people on the links at the time, and I could imagine the sigh of relief that must have gone up as the Hunt swept out of sight. I can imagine, too, the curses of protest which must have arisen, when, not ten minutes later, that golf-loving fox recrossed the road. Entering the course at the seventeenth hole he ran above the Club House, hounds scattering the caddies of a competing foursome who cheered us as we galloped past, and crossing the boundary fence again swung left-handed for Bincombe Down.

We were through with the Golf Course at last—and I think the Master was as pleased to be safe away from the danger of flying golf-balls as the golfers were to get rid of hounds and galloping horses. Hounds crossed the road and swung right-handed as though to invade the neighbouring Cattistock country, but the pilot turned back from the Weymouth road and running over the top of the Great Western Railway Tunnel, sank the valley beyond and headed for Sutton Poyntz, which had been a bit catchy, seemed to improve at this point, and hounds were driving on behind a very weary fox whose point was evidently the main earth near Bincombe; but I think he must have realized that he would never be able to reach it, for on the edge of the moor he turned back, and hounds were able to earn their reward at the end of a very fast hunt of just over forty minutes.

And that is the story of the Fox that lived on the Came Down Links.

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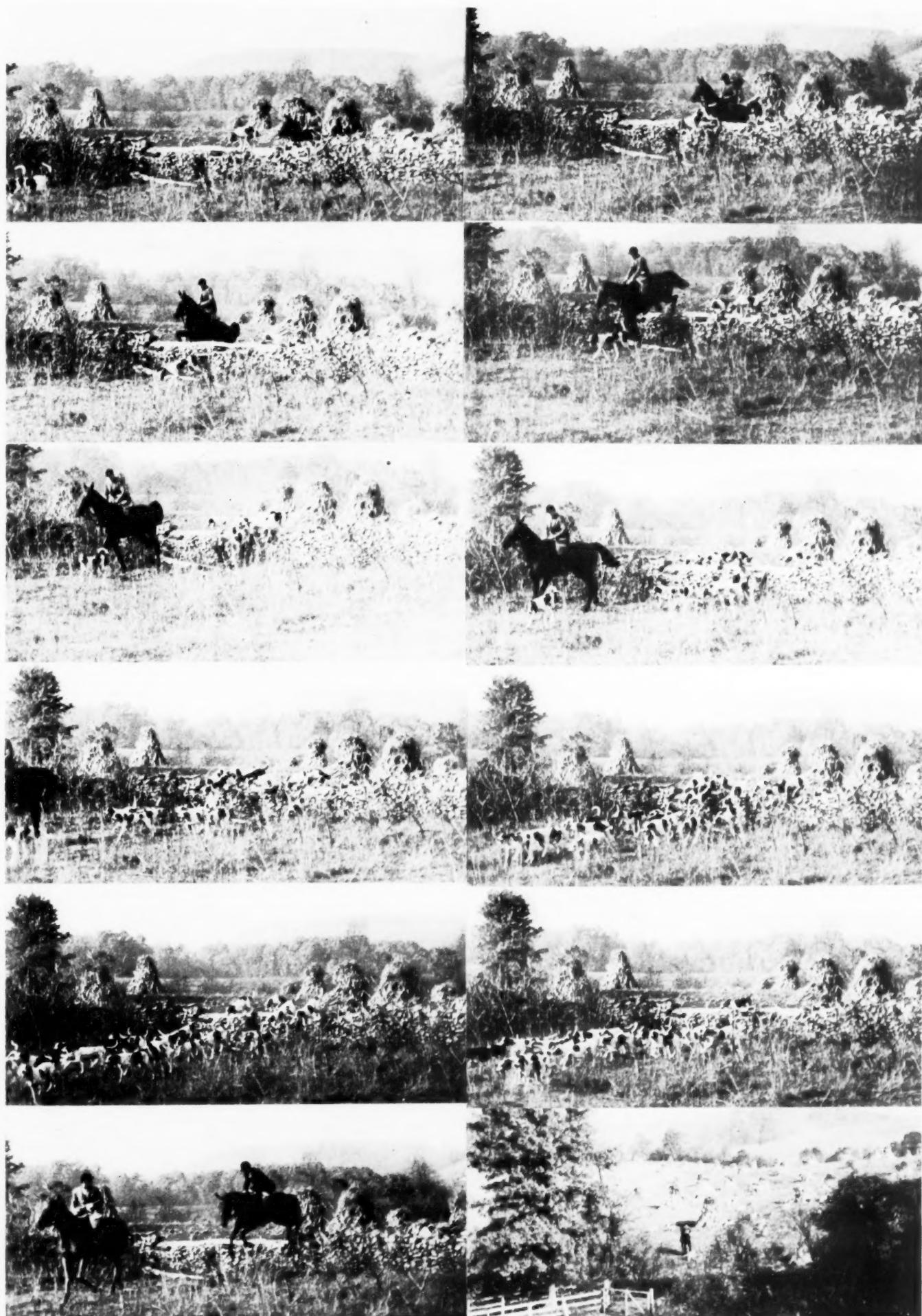
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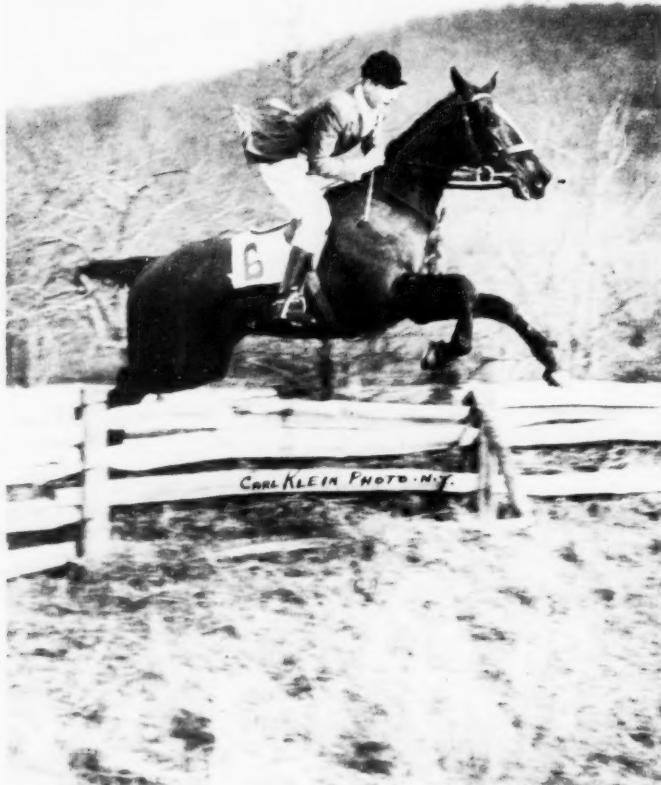
PICTORIAL SEQUENCE OF MIDDLEBURG CUBBING WITH AUTOMATIC CAMERA



Huntsman Robert Maddux, of Middleburg Hounds, in mufti during cubbing season, is shown bringing his hounds over a low panel in a wall. A hazy morning, before the sun catches up all the dew, is an ideal time to bring on the puppies with some of the older hounds. By now "this year's entry" have been hunting regularly for a month or more, meeting the season's official fixtures. Mr. Duncan Read of New York and Middleburg, has caught Huntsman Maddux as he jumps the wall. The black and white American beauties flow over the wall after their Huntsman, Honorary-Whipper-in Newell J. Ward, Jr., and Whipper-in E. Nichols come along, as hounds are cast in the big corn field where shocks stand ready for the end of harvest.

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PICTORIAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CHARLES PFIZER CUP AND AJAX BOWL
 PERCY PYNE WINS AJAX ON TRUMPAWAY SHELTON E. MARTIN'S SECOND WIN ON AMBERBROOK



The 8th annual running of the Charles Pfizer Cup and the Ajax Bowl were run as one race on the Mount Paul Farms in the Essex, N. J. country last Thursday, Nov. 21. Owner-riders carried away the two coveted cups, as Mr. Pyne rode his TRUMPAWAY to win the Ajax 200 pound race and Mr. Martin rode his home bred AMBERBROOK to win the 175 pound Pfizer trophy. Both winners are shown in good form over the post and rail fences, typical of this country. Note how hay has been piled up on the take-off to enable hunters to jump more safely at speed. The meeting was not marred by a single fall or loss of rider.

RUNNING IN THE PFIZER--AJAX CUPS RACES IN THE ESSEX HUNT COUNTRY



The eventual winner of the Pfizer cup, Mr. Martin on AMBERBROOK, #2, is shown over a live hedge jump, making the way, as Anderson Fowler, M.F.H. of Essex, on ROCKY SHORE, #3 and F. E. Johnson's EMPEROR JONES with F. E. Johnson, Jr. up, are well up. All riders and horses are regulars of the Essex fields. ROCKY SHORE is an ex-brush horse, once raced by the Miss Katherine Christie Stable in Canada. He finished 3rd in the Pfizer to AMBERBROOK and R. P. Gibb on his CENSURER.

Continued from Page Three

KESWICK HUNT CLUB

Keswick,
Albemarle County,
Virginia.
Established 1896.
Recognized 1904.



Thursday, November 21st—On Thanksgiving morning, as customary the Keswick Hounds met before Grace Church in Cismont. Forming a semi-circle in front of the lovely old Gothic church, hounds, riders and some 200 odd people joined in with the Thanksgiving service. The Rev. F. L. Robinson conducted a splendid service, installing the same spirit of Thanksgiving in all who had come to participate.

A field of 35 moved off at the sound of the huntsman's horn and hacked about half a mile up the Stony Point Road where we cast. Hounds picked up the line of a red that had been dropped earlier that morning and worked over the gullies and through the pines in back of Chesters' out to the border fields of "Castalia". Turning south, we galloped down parallel with the farm road, getting a nice run of fences before crossing the highway. Over across, we kept a straight fast line through the Mahanes place to the Campbell road. Here we welcomed a pause and listened to the lead hounds cutting through the woods in back of "Airsile" over into "Oakdale." Galloping on over good fields, through the woods and once into Greims', we were content to slacken our pace as the hard pressed fox began doubling back and forth. But he was certainly by then no match

STEEPLECHASE REVIEW

Continued from Page One

hand what will be the order in which the rest of the ten leading owners' names will appear on the final list, it is quite likely that the list itself will include Rokey Stable, whose **Good Chance** is ranked among the year's stake winners, E. B. Schley, whose **Dolly's Love**, another stake winner stands second to ***Cotesmore** in point of money won, F. Ambrose Clark, Mrs. Louis E. Stoddard, Jr., and Groton Stable. All have figured largely in 1940 steeplechasing, both on the big tracks and at the hunt meetings.

Following are summaries compiled from The Chronicle's records showing the ten leading horses of the year, the leading money winners and the leading winners of races:

10 LEADING HORSES MONEY WON		
*Cotesmore	27,440	(Heverswood—Ruddy Dawn)
*Dolly's Love	14,235	(Bruledu—Dolly Dimples)
Ossabaw	11,075	(*Grandace—Eileen W.)
Straw Boss	10,170	(*Carlaris—End)
*Bachelor Philip	8,775	(Herod Philip—Bachelor's Valley)
Bay Dean	6,125	(Judge Hay—Jenny Dean)
Oneechee	6,000	(*Traumer—Night Ship)
Good Chance	5,965	(Chance Shot—Sundina)
Mad Policy	5,725	(*Rathbeale—Policy)
*Cartermoor	5,269	(Roidore—Valk)
10 LEADING HORSES RACES WON		
*Cotesmore	6 Races	(Heverswood—Ruddy Dawn)
Bay Dean	5 Races	(Judge Hay—Jenny Dean)
*Argentino	4 Races	(Le Val d'Enfer—Argenteen 2nd)
*Crooked Wood	4 Races	(Drinmore—Luch)
*Deanslaw	4 Races	(Foxlaw—Jennie Deans)
Dundrill	4 Races	(His Majesty—Calle Herrin)
Fire Light	4 Races	(Our General—Candy Light)
*Frozen North	4 Races	(Mr. Toots—Icicle)
*Tam O'Shanter	4 Races	(Shrewd King—Toy Cap)
Tarbrush	4 Races	(Sun Beau—Dark Goddess)

for the eager pack and we killed on the neighboring Doillin's farm. The brush was presented to Dr. John Gordon.

A luncheon given by the Keswick Hunt Club in their club house followed at one o'clock.

TORONTO AND NORTH YORK HUNT

Aurora,
Ontario,
Canada.
Established 1843.
Recognized in Canada
since inception.



Hounds met at Mr. Alfred Lewis' farm where the drive is bordered by remarkably beautiful spruce trees. It is situated a little west of Yonge Street on the town line.

Both joint Masters, Lady Eaton and Mr. Frank Proctor, were in the saddle and also Mr. Rupert Bain, Master of the Eglinton Hunt. There were 26 in the field, this being the occasion of a joint-meet when a number of the members of the Eglinton Hunt turned out with Toronto and North York hounds.

The day was fine and there was a breeze from the north east.

Hounds, 11 1-2 couple, moved off punctually at half-past two along Mr. Lewis' lane to the west. Levett carried them along to the large covert on Mr. Proctor's farm where they found and ran north across the road into Mr. Belfry's farm. Here Mr. Elder's horse pecked at a fence and put off his rider. The horse galloped almost to Yonge street along the farm lane before he was caught by three members in hot pursuit. Though the field waited for a time Mr. Elder and his friends had difficulty in joining them again. Turning left handed in Mr. Medill's farm hounds crossed the second concession and ran south west recrossing the Proctor side line and over the third concession into very hilly country, where unfortunately there were many groundhog holes. Still continuing south westerly they recrossed the Newmarket sideline and continued south as far as Mr. Haines farm where they lost.

Here the Master called it a day and invited the field and followers in cars to take tea with him at the kennels.

SATURDAY OCT., 26TH.

Hounds met at Doan's farm just east of the highway on the Queensville sideline.

The wind was out of the north, a dry one, but there had been rain recently, so that scenting was excellent. There were 10 1/2 couple of hounds out and the field moved off behind the joint Masters punctually at half past two. Going east along the sideline hounds were thrown into the cedar swamp on Mr. Strassler's farm but drew blank. Hounds worked beautifully in the large covert on Mr. J. L. Smith's farm, and after sometime gave tongue and broke covert. Going away sounded and the fox ran down the wind and along the fence to the sideline where hounds faulted. Here cars turned the fox.

Hounds worked east along a hairy fence until they came to the fourth concession. Levett lifted them and crossed the road diagonally into M. Edward Good's farm, then back again over the sideline into the cedar swamp on Mr. Richard Good's farm.

After working east for some distance they turned south and recrossed the sideline into Mr. Roger's farm. They now feathered south and began to give tongue and ran very fast still south to the covert on Mr. George Pegg's farm where they killed a fine big dog fox.

It was a point of about 3 miles,

EAST AURORA HUNT

East Aurora,
New York.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.



MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1908.



Saturday November 2nd

A rainy morning gave promise of a bad day but about noon the sun broke through the clouds and the October countryside was a thing to gladden the heart. A good sized field met at East View Farm on the Davis Road and after a hack of about a mile and through a farm yard hounds found and we had a brisk fifteen minute run through to the Yates lane with some good trappy jumps.

The going has been perfect this fall and the young entry has given us excellent sport under the able handling of our Huntsman Paul Yull, having replaced his son Frederick who met with such a tragic death last fall during the infantile paralysis epidemic.

Our pack is fast becoming entirely composed of American hounds which have proved superior in every way to the English. Our young entry are from Millbrook stock and from the pack of Mr. Raymond Guest.

From the Yates Lane we drew the big woods and found a red which gave us a good run through the woods and out through a large field of uncut corn where we lost him. From there we crossed Jewett Holmwood Road and had a fast half hour through the beautiful country that belongs to Mr. Harry Yates.

The East Aurora country has been overrun with deer which have caused no end of trouble so every hunt is fraught with the hazard of running into three or four and Saturday was no exception. The day ended successfully however with the pack intact and no damage done, so we all adjourned to the School House which is owned by Mr. and Mrs. James C. Evans and which has been the scene of many a hunt breakfast. There, we were entertained by Col. and Mrs. Vernon Olsmith. He is the Commanding officer of Fort Niagara

in places fences were high but none so high as one in Mr. James' farm encountered last Saturday which was subsequently measured by Mr. Clifford Sifton, who returned with a standard and found it to be 5'-0".

Levett now collected his hounds, crossed the Mt. Albert highway and threw them in again in Mr. Wilf Pegg's covert where they found. They ran south along the valley of the Black River and through the east end of Mr. Blanchard's farm across the Newmarket sideline through the southern part of his farm and into Mr. Wes. Lundy's holding. As the field neared this gentleman's house they found to their delight and surprise a lifesize wooden figure of a man in scarlet coat, white breeches and silk top hat mounted on a gray, and nailed to the fence. The field understands from this gesture that Mr. Lundy is proud of his hunt and is always with them in heart.

The members of the Toronto and North York Hunt would dearly like to see Mr. Lundy mounted and in the field with them.

Hounds ran east here across the fifth concession for some distance, then turning left handed ran west and recrossed the road and feathered south until they reached Mr. Shropshire's hardwood covert where they lost.

Here the Master ordered the hounds back to kennels and all voted the day a grand one.—Aurora.

Thurs. Nov. 21

With ideal scenting conditions prevailing through the past week, all but Thanksgiving's Thursday, when the thermometer rose to summer ranges, Middleburg Hounds have recorded great sport for their largest fields of the season. There were 150 who moved off with joint-Masters, Daniel C. Sands and Miss Charlotte Noland on the Thursday Foxcroft meet, which actually, because of the number out and the heat of the day proved more of a pageant than a hunt.

Continued on Page Twelve

and was one time M. F. H. at Fort Benning.

Our schedule opened the middle of September and so far we have enjoyed the best season we have ever had with an intensely enthusiastic field and several new members. An increasing number of children are following on Saturdays and their interest was manifested by the successful Childrens Horse Show and Gymkhana held at Esskay Farm in September under the able management of Mrs. Seymour Knox M. F. H. and a Junior Committee.

On Saturday October 26th a good many members of the E. A. Hunt trucked to Genesee for the Hunter Trials held on Friday and for the following morning hunt held before the Race Meet. This trip has become a yearly custom and for anyone who has not had the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of the Valley it is a treat as well as an unforgettable experience. William P. Wadsworth M. F. H. is showing grand sport as always and it is astonishing how many people appear from all parts of the country to have a hunt or two.

—M. C.

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MIDDLEBURG PHARMACY

Middleburg, Virginia

The Chronicle

ESTABLISHED 1937

Stacy B. Lloyd, Jr., Publisher

Reginald Smith, Editor

Gerald B. Webb, Jr., Business Editor

C. Edgar Hoffman, New York, Advertising Representative

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Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. **THE CHRONICLE** requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing the **CHRONICLE**, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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Friday, November 29, 1940

Editorials

THANKSGIVING AT FOXCROFT

So many sportsmen wait throughout the year for the Thanksgiving Day hunt that it has become a vital part of the foxhunting picture. Foxhunters who are at desks so much of the year await this holiday as being one of the high points of the season, as indeed it is, for November foxhunting days are often full of the best sport, the season is young and everybody's enthusiasm is keen. Perhaps in no other hunting community, however, has Thanksgiving Day hunting come to mean more than at Middleburg where, since 1914 Miss Charlotte Noland of Foxcroft School has thrown all of her immense enthusiasm and spirit behind the hunting picture to make Thanksgiving one of the most colorful of all days throughout the year. Miss Charlotte has done this for her Foxcroft girls, old and young, and the spirit of this great educator and American sportswoman has brought to the traditional Thanksgiving hunting such a fire and zest for good sportsmanship that men and women come from many miles away to enjoy the Foxcroft Thanksgiving.

There were 60 Foxcroft girls who met at Foxcroft School. Every girl who was able to ride was on a horse at the meet. There were three divisions of them. Hoppers in the rear, larkers in the middle and first fighters up in front. There were the foxhunters who go regularly with the Middleburg Hounds and there were visitors from many parts of the country. A crowd of three hundred persons watched the meet and followed in cars. A hundred and fifty horsemen followed hounds if only for a little way for it was a gallant sight with everybody dressed in their best and groups on every hill-top wishing friends well.

The appealing part of this Thanksgiving Day celebration at Foxcroft as it is held each year is perhaps, even more than the crowds, than the preparation, than the enthusiasm of the older men and women who come to watch and partake, the meaning that this day has for the younger generation. This fine American sportswoman has insisted all her life in ideals of good sportsmanship. They permeate the whole school, they are in everything about Foxcroft and this Thanksgiving day meeting is a living illustration of good sportsmanship and its meaning for the younger generation. This day is not one set apart for the best riders, for the top fighters. Everybody belongs to the sport on Thanksgiving. They are part of the whole, even though they may be only competent enough to join the hoppers who must needs take advantage of the broken panels where the others have left places that are not so high. But whether you are a hopper or top fighter, there is a place for you and all are welcome.

It is so easy to take riding and horsemanship for granted. To let the young horsemen and women of the future find out for themselves whether they like to ride. That is not Miss Charlotte Noland's way. Everybody who comes under her care is encouraged to be part of the sport of the day and inspired by her own rare enthusiasm, there are few people who do not wish with all their hearts to join with her in being truly thankful for the good things of this life whatever they may be or wherever they are. Perhaps more than anything else, Miss Charlotte Noland teaches those around her to appreciate the elements that go to making up good sportsmanship. There are not many places in the country where the younger generation are taught sportsmanship not from the angle of how well you do your part, but that

your part is an important part of the whole and your contribution is as necessary to sport as the finest horseman in the land, not from its degree of perfection but from the part you play in sport for sport's sake. So Miss Noland and Foxcroft annually work each year for the good of Foxhunting and for the rare element this sport possesses of enabling all to realize that sport and sportsmanship have a place in molding the characters and lives of the youth of the nation.

Letters to the Editor

Bona Fide Hunters

Editor The Chronicle,
Middleburg, Va.

Dear Sir:

I note with the deepest regret the account of the death of Mrs. George Cutting in your November 8th issue. Can the death of this keen and brave horsewoman and her horse have been caused by the fact that her horse jumped carelessly at a small chicken-coop? The philosophers will say "By a visitation of God", but I beg leave to suggest that the cause of her unfortunate and untimely death goes farther than that and should be construed into a warning to those who originally introduced and those who still support that iniquitous, superficial device called the "chicken-coop", especially when it is often less than 3 feet 6 inches in height if measured upwards from the center—and slanting up at that from the take-off. Although I was not there to see, I would not hesitate to take a good bet that the jump that caused Mrs. Cutting's death did not measure more than 3 feet upwards from the center—and on a slant up from the take-off. I would also undertake to make a good bet that if this artificial jump had been 4 feet high with hardly any slant, Mrs. Cutting's horse would have looked where he was going and jumped it with knees rolled and six inches to spare, that is if he was ever a horse that a practical hunting man would call a hunter. In using the words "practical hunting man and hunter" I mean a man and a horse that can jump a (measured) 4 feet out hunting out of any kind of going at any time, without a lead. I don't mean the 3 foot jumps that are called 4 feet and even 4 feet 6 inches when the cocktail begins!

Only a few weeks ago a horse of mine and its rider were almost killed jumping one of these 3 foot chicken-coops. The late Lord Chesham and the much-lamented and revered Whyte-Melville both met their deaths over obstacles about 3 feet high, their horses having nothing to pay attention to, stumbled to their deaths on top of their riders who had no time to "fall away" from their mounts which they would have done had the jumps been about 4 feet high. This business of making a fetish out of the clean thoroughbred as a hunter is all very well as long as dealers can market such horses and as long as most horse show committees now only require open or qualified hunters to jump 4 feet (!!) in the ring, which assists in perpetuating the racket. However, any practical hunting man knows that very few clean thoroughbreds can jump 4 feet temperately behind hounds and only a handful out of every hunt the world over can ride such horses. Take a tape and go out in the country and measure 4 feet of rails or gate and you won't quarrel with me very much. On page 13 of your issue of November 8th, the same issue that chronicles Mrs. Cutting's lamentable death, there is a picture of a "chicken-coop" type of fence in the 4th annual Camargo Hunt Hunter Trials

and the 4th fence is depicted at the same trials in the lower picture. I ask you, what is the use of showing a high class 4 foot to 4 foot 6 inch legitimate hunter against a bunch of thoroughbred "hunters" that hunter trial committees dare not trust over more than 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches at the most? I have often heard it stated (as recently as last year's National) "When Julian Morris retired, the real high class hunter died in the South". This consummate artist was never bitten by the clean thoroughbred craze as a fundamental necessity. But nobody appreciated the value of high fusions of "blood" more than he did. In the same way that John Henry Stokes of Market Harborough, England, and John Daly of Liffey Bank, Dublin, did in the zenith years of British hunter development.

It is not what Foxhall Keene, Ambrose Clark, Harry Worcester Smith, Bayard Tuckerman, Courtland H. Smith, Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., Mrs. Altemus Whitney, Mrs. Cary Jackson and Miss Deborah Rood could do on any kind of a thoroughbred horse on any old day, it is what the average man and woman can do with safety and see something of hounds. Follow-my-leader drag hunting is not part of this discussion, and hardly worth discussion.

Let Mrs. George Cutting's death be a warning to the afternoons-tea low chicken-coop and 3 feet 6 inches rail and counterfeit. Put up the manufactured jump to 4 feet and you will have fewer accidents and better hunters and more competent hunting folk. Ask Harry Worcester Smith, Ambrose Clark, et al.

In the face of this thoroughbred fetish, what is to be the future of the legitimate heavyweight hunter such as that grand individual **Dublin Venture** owned and exhibited with such sporting good patience by Miss Deborah Rood against, in many cases, unwarranted prejudice based on the clean thoroughbred rage? **Dublin Venture** is a representative type of weight-carrying blood horse that the Hunter Improvement Societies of the British Isles have spent vast sums of money to produce during the last 150 years. What were all the Bureau stallions distributed throughout the United States for? To produce weight-carrying hunters and saddle horses with substance out of suitable other-than-thoroughbred mares and **Dublin Venture** is as good a standard type as the most enthusiastic Bureau Votary could point to. Many of the clean thoroughbreds shown with success today have no hunter character at all.

They are too much in the air and possess no width to follow and little depth of heart. Quite true, with their manes and tails done up to the Queen's taste, they make an elegant picture, but they are not hunters in character. Before me as I write is a picture of **David Gray**, developed by the aforesaid Southern artist Julian Morris. When **David Gray** and others of Julian Morris' champions (I have them all before me) were campaigning, open and qualified hunters had to jump at least two jumps at 4 feet 6 inches in every

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Letter To Editor

Continued from Page Ten

BONA FIDE HUNTERS

class, but so determined are the thoroughbred fetish racketeers to hold their case that a mysterious and insidious influence has caused the hand of nearly all horse show executives in the U. S. to limit the open and qualified hunter class jump to a paltry 4 feet!! Why proclaim and advertise any horse as a champion hunter unless he has been well tested in public over 4 feet 6 inches. To return to **David Gray**, the modern thoroughbred fetish "judges" would undoubtedly call him "plain". They would look in vain for the arched neck of the thoroughbred in place of the longer, straighter neck set so symmetrically into the flawless shoulders and beautifully placed humerus of **David Gray**. They would probably say he was "long in the back" and fail to realize that his middlepiece balanced in perfect reconciliation with its depth and true relationship to the oblique shoulders and length from the hip back. **David Gray** stood over a lot of ground (a fundamental point of excellence) because his ends balanced with his middle.

His symmetrical body was truly placed on powerful short legs, this accounting more than anything else

for his fluent, effortless way of jumping. It would be useless today to show Julian Morris' old horses, such as **David Gray**, **The Virginian**, **Keswick** and **Taconite**, upon whose fame Virginia's claim to hunter development mainly rests. The obliging horse show executives have lowered the jumps to 4 feet to enable a flock of inferior, clean thoroughbreds to score favorably in the percentages set for jumping and thus prevent the Morris horses from proving what a real high class hunter is and should always prove himself to be capable of before he gets a blue, much less a tricolor!! Well, the Morris types would be robbed of the chance to prove their jumping superiority and the "Judges" would proclaim them wagon horses when lined up with most of the elegant blood bays now masquerading as hunters. The same remarks apply to the late Sir Adam Beck's **Sir Edward** and **Sir Thomas**, both of which won at the National and the former, in fact, at Olympia in England when conformation and action alone counted.

I have no brief for **Dublin Venture**, but until we see at least a dozen of his type at the National every year it is quite certain that the once much-prized weight-carrying blood hunter has been sacrificed for a thoughtless whim supported by a far-reaching conspiracy in the apparently organized lowering of jumps.

Only one of the Morris horses was

WHEN RUNNIN' TIME COMES

When the frost has come and the trees are bare,
And the morning tingles as you start for his hair,
With the pack all acquirer 'till the sun appears,
As they tiptoe along as the cover nears.

You next cross the meadow all laden and white,
And enter the thicket as the birds, stilled at night,
Are again on the wing for their duties of day.
And you hear an old crow give his caw of foray.

A whine from old "Hornet", a squeal from a pup,
As they feather and flirt where Reynard got up.
Thrills us all to the marrow, when the chorus breaks in,
As they now get a taste where the rascal has been.

We pull for the cart road and turn to the right,
As the last of the pack disappears from our sight.
We hear them enter and cross the creek,
And now we view all glistening and sleek.

As he comes from the thicket, stops and makes a quick whirl,
To look back at the pack as from the wood they now swirl.
Stiff-legged and bold he bounds forward again,
And now lays a course straight away from his den.

No man has more courage, no woman more grace,
As he glides o'er the landscape at a real burning pace.
He reaches the highway, is turned by a car,
And slyly skulks down a hedgerow not far.

They burst in the highway and cross to yon side,
As you pull up abruptly so you won't overtake
The ones which are searching both sides of the road,
To find what deception is here, his new mode.

But it's futile to wonder what trick he has done,
As they work toward the culvert where the hedge is begun,
When they swing to the line as a magnet to steel,
And settle again for the final ordeal.

Scent time has been lost by the turn which he made,
For scent is breast high like a vapor new laid.
They run fully fanned as they hold to the line,
And their voices chop sharply in shrill screaming chime.

An hour in the morning is worth two after noon.
Nor can a real sportsman start his hunting too soon.
If he'd measure experience by provable sums,
He'd find it's the morning when runnin' time comes.

To the Master ne'er foregoing the early morn,
Nor denying that welkin the sound of his horn,
I make this suggestion, as his night-cap he sips,
That he drink to the dawn when it touches his lips.

John B. Hannum, Jr.
November 3, 1937.

a heavyweight, but they resemble **Dublin Venture** in bold outline and the rugged character of the orthodox hunter in the sketches and prints of the accepted authorities of the past.

Yours faithfully,
STRATHEARN BOYD THOMSON.

Thornhill,
Ontario, Canada.

rider of **Tioga** in The Glenwood National, I should like to put on record that he left the paddock with an absolute knowledge of the proper course. He had walked the course with me before the race and to be sure that there had been no change since I last rode it, he got a confirmation from one of the Stewards of the meeting.

Your report of the race covers very well the unusual events which took place after the horses left the paddock.

With best regards,
Sincerely,
RAY WOOLFE.

Continued on Page Twelve

Fairness To Mr. Bosley

Red Bank, New Jersey,
November 18, 1940.

Editor The Chronicle,
Middleburg, Va.

Dear Sir:

In all fairness to Jackie Bosley,

MARCH

3-Apr 10. Tropical Park, Gables Racing Ass'n.,
Coral Gables, Fla.

APRIL

1-12 Bowie, Southern Maryland Agricultural
Ass'n., Bowie, Md.

14-26 Havre de Grace, Harford Agricultural
and Breeders' Ass'n., Havre de Grace,
Md.

14-May 10 Narragansett, Narragansett Racing
Ass'n., Pawtucket, R. I.

26-17 Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club,
Cicero, Ill.

28-May 10 Pimlico, Maryland Jockey Club,
Baltimore, Md.

MAY

17-24 Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club,
Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

19-June 21 Lincoln Fields, Lincoln Fields
Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

19-July 26 Suffolk Downs, Eastern Racing
Ass'n., Inc., Boston, Mass.

26-June 1 Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park
Racing and Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toron-
to, Ontario, Canada.

JUNE

4-11 Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

14-21 Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing
Ass'n. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario,
Canada.

16-July 26 Elkwood Park, Monmouth Park
Racing Ass'n., Oceanport, N. J.

23-July 31 Arlington Park, Arlington Park
Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

24-July 1 Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club,
Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

JULY

4-19 Fort Erie, Niagara Racing Ass'n., Ltd.,
Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada.

15-19 Hagerstown, Hagerstown Fair, Hagers-
town, Md.

23-30 Queens Park, Ascot Turf Club, London,
Ontario, Canada.

23-Aug 2 Bel Air, Harford County Fair Ass'n.,
Bel Air, Md.

AUGUST

1-Sept 6 Washington Park, Washington Park
Jockey Club, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

2-9 Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd.,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

5-16 Cumberland, Cumberland Fair Ass'n.,
Cumberland, Md.

4-Sept 20 Narragansett Park, Narragansett
Racing Ass'n., Pawtucket, R. I.

16-Sept 1 Stamford Park, Bellville Driving &
Athletic Ass'n., Niagara Falls, Ontario,
Canada.

20-30 Marlboro, Southern Maryland Agricultural
Fair Ass'n., Marlboro, Md.

SEPTEMBER

1-11 Timonium, Maryland State Fair and
Agricultural Society, Timonium, Md.

6-13 Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Rac-
ing and Breeding Ass'n., Ltd., Toronto,
Ontario, Canada.

8-Oct 18 Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's
Racing Ass'n., Chicago, Ill.

13-27 Havre de Grace, Harford Agricultural &
Breeders' Ass'n., Havre de Grace, Md.

20-27 Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

1-29 Laurel, Maryland State Fair, Inc., Laur-
el, Md.

4-11 Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club,
Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

13-20 Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing
Ass'n. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario,
Canada.

20-Nov 1 Sportsman's Park, National Jockey
Club, Cicero, Ill.

30-Nov 13 Pimlico, Maryland Jockey Club,
Baltimore, Md.

NOVEMBER

14-29 Bowie, Southern Maryland Agricultural
Ass'n., Bowie, Md.

12-20 Royal, Royal Jockey Club, Inc., Royal,
Md.

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Continued from Page Nine

Despite impossible conditions, with cars looming out of every cover with hilltoppers, and all the roads and by-ways blocked with such enthusiasts, whose motors permeated the atmosphere with exhaust fumes, Huntsman Maddox got hounds deep into the Goose Creek subterranean like ravines, wound out a fox and sent him scurrying in a right-handed circle for almost a half an hour. It was a good gallop with the first-flighters winding around with hounds to come to the den and find those who hadn't gone a yard there ahead of them.

Out less than an hour and a half,

Irish Field

The Chronicle
Middleburg, Va.
Dear Sir:-

I am a new subscriber, but I have always read The Chronicle that I have got from another reader and it is a very interesting paper. Reminds me of the Irish Field, a weekly paper which gives all news about racing and hunting, but since the war started I find it very hard to get. However, I think I will enjoy your paper just as much. Please send me your 18th of October issue.

Yours truly,

Jack Walsh

New Vernon, N. J.

Information, Please!

Gentlemen:

I would greatly appreciate some information regarding the hunting of beagle hounds, as I am acquiring a small pack. The usual procedure in this vicinity is for one or two persons to go out with a lone hound, or a couple, and shoot the prey, usually rabbit.

However, as increasing numbers of my friends are interested in following, it would be nothing short of wholesale murder, as the most of them are poor shots. My idea is to run the thing in an organized manner, possibly form a club.

We could go out on foot, of course, but in areas where it permits, I should like to use horses.

Perhaps you could recommend some book which contents would include the ethics of the "proper" beagle hunt, care of hounds, suitable kennels, exercise of hounds, etc. It is all foreign to me, only having been among the followers of a fox hunt a few times.

Any information you might be able to give on the subject would be gratefully accepted.

Very sincerely,
EUNICE PATTERSON.
Featherbed Lane Stable,
Hamilton, R. I.

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Follow your old friends
THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS
IN **JUDGE**
Founded 1881
Cham Building, New York

Mr. Sands deemed it wise, with hounds close to the kennels and the hour turning sharp to the Foxcroft School luncheon moment and annual Hounds vs Foxes basketball game, to call it a day. This proved a wise decision as the thermometer which had risen steadily since sun up, had ranged higher during the 10:30 to noon hunting. The Middleburg siren signal of twelve o'clock found the field disbanding back of Glenwood Park Race Course.

Sat. Nov. 23.

Despite Orange County Hounds meeting but some 10 miles away with a field of 82 and Warrenton Hounds boasting over 60 followers only some 20 miles away, Middleburg Hounds had over 90 in the field by the Middleburg School House at the postponed 10 o'clock hour. The long que of followers had scarcely formed, than a red was bounced out of a small cover in the midst of a sod field on the Rodger Fred farm. He was completely hemmed in with hounds and horses, yet had the courage to go bounding away, swinging in a short circle, left-handed about this farm to try for his den, which was but a matter of yards from where he started. Whipper-in Newell J. Ward galloped to the den, to attempt to keep him up, and then seeing him dart for another hole, made to keep him out of this. Mr. Ward's efforts were futile as the fox literally ran between his horses legs to duck down a crevice in some sandstone, his northern entrance to his two exit quarters.

As hounds were worrying news was brought up that another had been viewed in the adjoining field. Huntsman Maddox was quick to put them on and away they went, up over Bald Hill and on to Pole Cat Hill, fairly flying. Circling back to Bald Hill, hounds split in two very equally divided packs, with the establishment going with the one turning a wide lefthanded circle, which bore about through Dillon, the Race Track and back to Bald Hill. Here the packs met up again. A number of followers who had gone with the other pack were singing out about their brisk burst which had carried them on a left-handed circle down around the Crompton Smiths' farm. The two packs had described a perfect figure eight, with the western hounds looping around to den. Huntsman Maddox consolidated hounds and carried on down Goose Creek on the other, where again hounds split, when another fox joined the chase.

The heat of the day and the pace had cut down the number of followers so that only a handful were with hounds when a day was called and part of the pack was still running, up back of the Sands' Benton Farm. From meeting time until after 2:30, hounds and followers had been moving quickly.



Diamond State Distilling Co., Inc., Eatontown, N. J.

Mon. Nov. 25.

The meet was at North Fork. Hounds sent a fox away out of the first cover, to encounter a loss and then drew on. A new fox was got afoot in short order and then followed a spirited day with hounds, over good galloping country and with a lot of post-and-rail panel jumping. It was as enjoyable a day as you would want with a smart hunting pack.

PIEMONT FOX HOUNDS*

Upperville,
Fauquier County,
Virginia.
Established 1840.
Recognized 1904.



Fri. Nov. 22.

Many of the Thanksgiving visiting foxhunters in the Virginia countryside were on hand for the Green Gable meeting of the Piedmont Hounds this day. Dr. A. C. Randolph, Master, was absent, due to the very serious illness of Mrs. Randolph, yet hounds must go out and George Roberts Slater carried on as acting-Master.

The warm weather which had prevailed on Thursday had changed but little. The temperature still hovered in the high 50's and even in the 60's. There was little hope of sport it seemed, yet Huntsman Atwell went about coverts which were known to hold foxes in workmanlike casts. Within an hour hounds had a fox afoot, carrying him briskly across plow and open country. In the woods, where the leaves were deep and rustling in tinder state, scent was impossible, yet hounds worked on and kept this line going for a full 20 minutes and then worked it spasmodically for another quarter of an hour until a loss in the bottom land not far from the meet. This run had carried about the Fletcher land and up onto the Walter McK. Jones'.

Hounds then went on, drawing due east and got another fox going within the hour which gave even a brisker 25 minutes. Down through the Metcalfs' farm, where stand Abbott's Nymph and High Velocity and about through Welborne, over some of Piedmont's best, they flew. In the end, after traversing much of Mrs. Slater's, affording followers plenty of wall and rail jumping, hounds lost it up in a field across from the Upperville Show grounds near the Peach place. Hounds were determined, showing drive, yet the scent was catchy and there were times when they were strung out.

MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

Syosset, Long Island, New York.
Established 1877.
Recognized 1894.
Operated and maintained by Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, about 9 miles from kennels



Nov. 19-21-23.

Tuesday, November 19 was a day of such stillness, brightness and beauty that even the old familiar landmarks wore a golden mantle. Thirty-four fortunates met at Sir Ashley Spark's farm, hacked over the bejeweled cabbage fields, across the railroad tracks and found a fox afoot in the very first covert drawn. Hounds hunted this fox to Bruce's and back to Jackson's twice over and on the third lap, while running hard, lost as suddenly and decisively as though the fox had sprouted wings and shot skywards. This run was 15 minutes.

In the cornfield where hounds had lost, a fresh fox went away and this one set his mask to the east and

never tarried, through the Mann woods, over the Bruce meadows, across the Southwoods road, along the crest of Chalmers Wood's land, down into Canfields, on to Tworgers and then fox and hounds vanished in a jungle of climbing honeysuckle. Silence settled like a pall. We waited. We waited some more. Noises unconnected with a fox hunt became audible. Under the high, thick and agitated honeysuckle carpet these peculiar sounds approached and the Hunt Staff became so concerned that they dismounted and laid hold of the most agitated sections and as Charlie groped, heads broke through. First a hound then a goat, then goat after goat, hound after hound, "Lord Almighty" said Allison, "lets get out of here, that hill's got more goats than honeysuckles."

Hounds cleared their noses with a whiff of goatless air and casting forward, picked up the line, worked through another jungle of underbrush and woodland and carried it painstakingly over plough. A "View Halla" from Harold's strawberry bed carried far on this still day and so to the strawberry bed we all sped and there we found Arthur and his little daughter Nancy. "He's sitting in the middle of that field," said Arthur, pointing westward. "He trotted by us, jumped that big wire fence beyond and there he is." Hounds needed no further directions and never drew breath again until they reached the most western end of the Jackson woods, where this fox vanished as cleanly and completely as had the other—60 minutes.

Though Loud's, Oelands and Jones were drawn blank, the field suffered no boredom; the black and white pony turning a somersault, and the big, brown horse teetering with terror on the brink of an eight inch ditch.

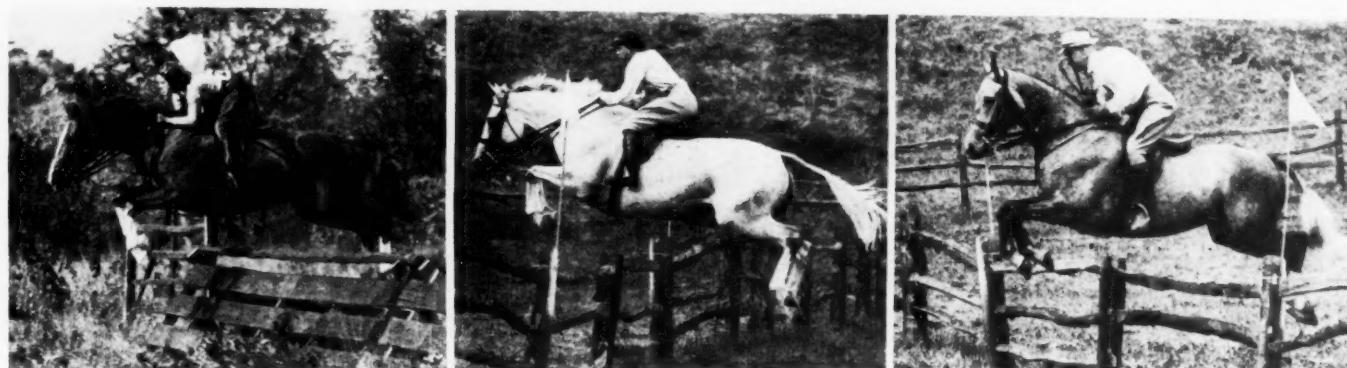
November 21. With how much pleasure and gratification could these notes be written had I turned right and not left in the Suarez Woods. A field of 74 had met at the kennels and spent 50 minutes in a preliminary warming up process through the kind offices of that fox, who of his own choosing, lives in the Kennel Woods close to the puppy yards and Allison's chickens. Our uninvited and over enthusiastic motorcade turned him as he tried to cross the Muttontown Road into Burdens' and this was so discouraging that he confined his future activities to wide circles around his home covert. Scent seemed catchy and hounds to be congratulated on marking him to ground in the Willock Woods.

Burdens', Underhills' and Leonards' yielded nothing except gunners, then we crossed the Jericho-East Norwich road into Winthrops' and in less than a minute hounds were running like blazes across the Winthrop fields, northward over the Muttontown road and on into the Suarez Woods. Allison thought as I did that the fox would turn west here and kept to what cover he could rather than face the open fields lying towards Brewsters', but Allison realized far sooner that this fox was stout hearted, and so he caught up with the little band led by the whippers-in as they skirted the Brewster woods, pounded down the concrete turnpike, jumped off it into the Birmingham paddocks and galloped eastward over some black looking post and rails.

"Wes had been a good bit ahead", said Allison of his 2nd Whipper-in. "When we comes to that locked and murderous gate." "Well boy", says

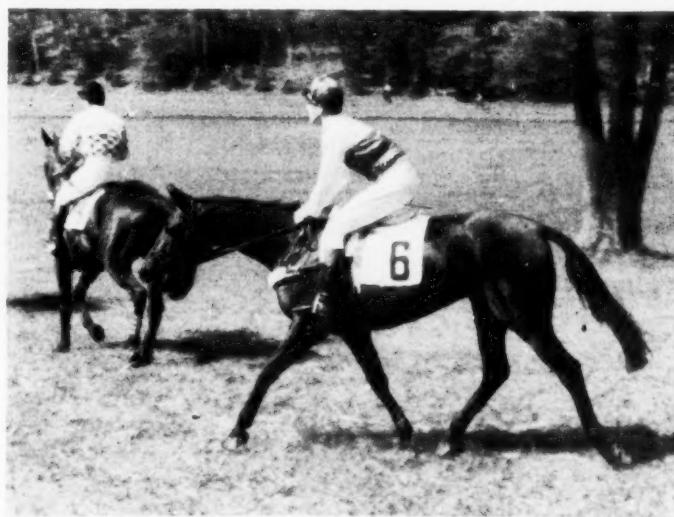
Continued on Page Eighteen

OWNERS WERE RIDING HUNTING HUNTERS IN CHAGRIN VALLEY (OHIO) TRIALS



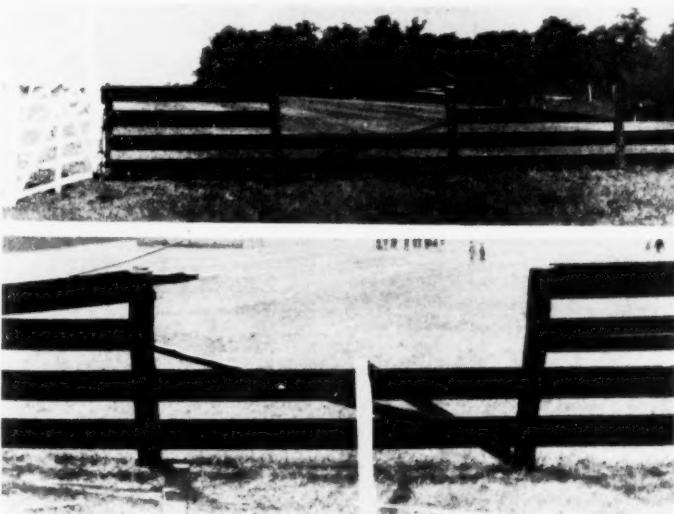
Mrs. Frank Griesinger was up on her brother's, Francis Ginn, CUCHULAIN, to win the half-bred class at the Chagrin Hunter Trials, last month. The course consisted of 14 jumps, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, over natural hunting country, including chicken-coops, post and rails and Aikens. Above center is Mrs. Gregory S. McIntosh riding her own 12-year-old PATRON, son of *STEFAN THE GREAT out of the THRUSH mare PASTA, who has currently been hunting in Virginia and won the thoroughbreds at Chagrin's trials. At right is George M. Humphrey on *HIGH POCKETS, also hunting in Virginia, who scored in the green with his Irish-bred.

BUNGTOWN AND MR. GEORGE STRAWBRIDGE



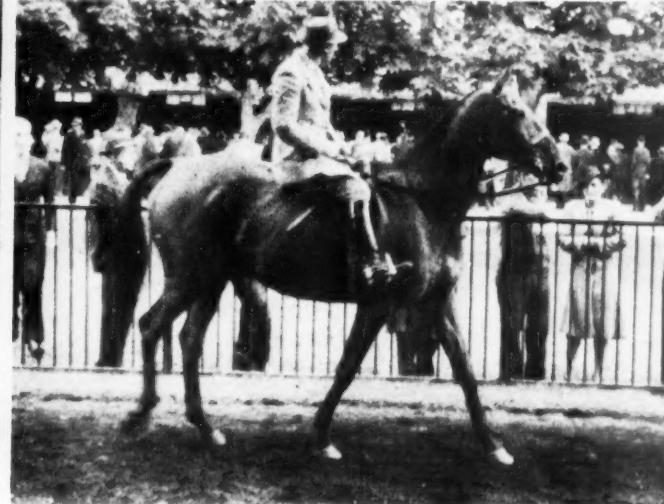
John Strawbridge's BUNGTOWN, with George Strawbridge, Jr. up, is captured in a portrait painting setting by The Chronicle camera as he went to the post in the Meadow Brook Cup. BUNGTOWN, a son of *COQ GAULOIS won his first and last outings.

LIGHTLY PLANKED FENCES ARE A HAZARD TO TIMBER RACING---WHEN MANSFIELD PARK WON MEADOW BROOK

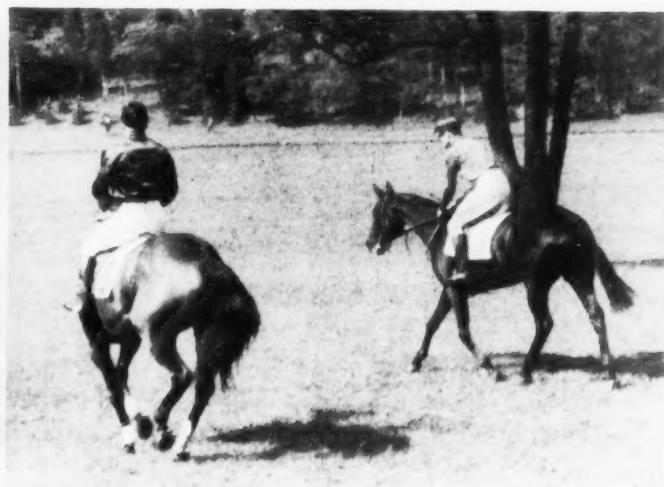


There were at least 2 plank fences in the $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile timber race that is the classic Meadow Brook Cup. These plank fences were made of one inch boards and even shattered when horses hit behind. MANSFIELD PARK, #8, and HENCHMAN, #11, are pictured above. They hooked up through the last mile to make the most sensational timber race of the year. MANSFIELD PARK proved the winner and fortunately made his one bad mistake over one of these plank fences, where he crashed through. On the second turn, the field jammed for the above broken panel, with the danger of being cut by the sharp jagged-pointed plank sticking out from the post at right. The second picture shows the same panel from the landing side. Note split planks on ground and slanting from fence---risky stuff for staking a horse. These fences further were sloped a full five inches. The answer is obvious. Consider the Maryland, straighten up the fences, make them solid, strong and imposing; horses will respect them the more; the jumping performances will be better. (An excellent example of an inexpensive wing is illustrated above, wherein two sheep hurdles are wired together to get the necessary height.)

AINTREE WINNER IN BELMONT PARK PADDOCK



Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark's celebrated *KELLSBORO JACK looked all the champion that he is as he strode about the Belmont Park saddling paddock, prior to leading the Belmont Grand National field to the post last September when *COTTESMORE won.



POINT-TO-POINT OVER NATURAL COUNTRY IDEAL TESTS FOR WORKING HUNTERS AND FOXHUNTING RIDERS

MRS. W. H. PERRY PICTURED OVER COOP IN TYPICAL BIT OF KESWICK COUNTRY



Mrs. William Haggin Perry won the corinthian class at the recent Keswick Hunter Trials. Here she is shown on WEATHER PERMITTING over a chicken-coop trimmed with brush. The course was fully a mile in length over the above pictured land. Judges witnessed performances of horses over up and down hill country, thru the creek (directly over WEATHER PERMITTING'S quarters) and on the flat, to the white-coop in the distance. The chicken-coop trimmed with brush is not "typical of the country" and decidedly in contrast to the rest of the natural country course.

MRS. A. N. BEADLESTON AND WALLOP IN MONMOUTH COUNTY TRIALS



Miss Florence Ruthrauff was instrumental in renewing the Monmouth County Hunt Hunter Trials for the benefit of the Hunt Servants Fund. Above is pictured Mrs. A. N. Beadleston on her WALLOP, winner of the hunters under saddle, not to jump. WALLOP is a bright looking lightweight, capable of performing over fences, but he failed in every effort in the trials and turned down Bourne Ruthrauff on Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur B. Ruthrauff's STEADFAST and H. H. Neuberger on his GOLDEN BLAZE, when these combined in a hunt team when WALLOP stopped at the 6th. -----Freudy Photos, Inc.

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For the 1941 Season

**SUN BEAU will stand at Mr. Christopher T. Chenery's
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"The pundits tell us that a stallion should have pedigree, conformation, race record, and a bottom line of producers SUN BEAU certainly qualifies. Indeed from the standpoint of pedigree, the impression might reasonably be reached that the tremendous impetus of that magnificent top line would carry SUN BEAU far but SUN BEAU is doubly gifted (His) dam was a beautiful lady by the name of BEAUTIFUL LADY and she was by FAIR PLAY

SUN BEAU'S race record is known the world over, and we are constrained to allow his race record to argue his qualifications in the matter of conformation. We'll be glad to take another colt that looks like SUN BEAU—and incidentally, what horse is more likely to sire another SUN BEAU than SUN BEAU himself?"

Excerpts from "Sun Beau" in the Sept. 28, 1940 Blood Horse.

**To Breed To SUN BEAU Kindly Apply
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Buckram Beagles Meet A Fixture At Bailey's Mill

"Through bush, through brier
Over park, over pale
Through flood, through fire
I do wander everywhere, . . ."

When William Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he must have had a premonition about the Buckram Beagles. Sunday, November 17, the pack ten and a half couples strong, journeyed to New Jersey to keep an appointment in the country usually hunted by the The Bailey's Mill Beagles of which Richard Reeve and William H. Moore II are joint-masters. It was up one road, along a parkway, through a tunnel, over a skyway and finally to the Gordon Wattles' at New Vernon to the meet. Mr. and Mrs. Moore had seen to it that the Buckram "joints" and the whips and their wives were well victualled at their house beforehand and as a result none of them could really run a yard when the time came.

Twenty more members of the Buckram field were on hand together with an equal number of native Jerseyites, when hounds moved off at two-thirty. There was great assurance from Mr. Reeve that, should we not find in the first field, certainly we would in the second. The first three were blank, however, and he had just assured me that there surely would be a hare there—(pointing with his whip)—when up got a tremendous jack in full view of the whole pack and started for the next county. Some day I'm going to move to New Jersey so as to become familiar with the country which I am not at this writing, so consequently I can't describe the points we crossed in the next fifty-five minutes. All I can tell of it is that it was all up-hill and except for one check of about five minutes during which Dillon, our huntsman, and John Baker, one of our "joints", held a debate that John Baker won as to which way our jack had turned on Pleasantville Road. There was no standing around.

At this point I was a bit tired and had got to the point where I was, (though I didn't realize it at this time) seeing optical illusions. In any event, as we crossed a dirt road, what should appear but a very smart dogcart drawn by a good-looking bay horse and driven by a gentleman in boxcloth coat and grey bowler. Seated beside him was his lady, also becomingly attired, and on behind was an equally well turned-out groom. Such sights being comparatively rare in these days I set about making inquiry as to the identity of said sportsman. Imagine my dismay when I learned that not a soul had the foggiest notion who he might be. As I have said it was probably an optical illusion.

Whether it was the passing of the aforementioned equipage will never be known (it may have been the four or five motors) but hounds could carry the line no farther. So the masters decided to call it a day and go in. At the charming Wattles house, tea and so forth were served and made a splendid ending to a grand day. **EDWARD M. WARD, JR.**

Elkhorn Beagle Club Meets Louisville Club At Lexington

The Elkhorn Beagle Club, of Lexington, Kentucky, was host to the

Readington Opens Beagle Season With 40 Minutes

The Readington Foot Beagles, a private pack, owned and hunted by Mr. John K. Cowperthwaite of Far Hills, New Jersey opened their sixth season at the River Edge Stock Farm, Neshanic, New Jersey, on Sunday, November 17.

Fifteen and one-half couple of hounds moved off promptly at 11 A. M., over the South Branch of the Raritan River and drew the McCall and Dalrymple Farms with no luck. Finally at 12:25 a hare got up on the Stello Farm, and there was a fast run of forty minutes, hounds working well through grass and cornfields in spite of catchy scent and high wind. After a large circle and a cut back, hounds lost on the Hansel Farm.

Among those following were E. M. Ward, Jr., and Morgan Wing, joint-Masters of the Buckram Beagles of Old Westbury, L. I.; Mr. and Mrs. Bromley S. Stone, Oyster Bay, L. I.; Miss Sheila McCreery, Greenwich, Conn., Mr. T. L. Ashbridge, Master of the Delaware Valley Hounds, and his huntsman, Frank Hellyer, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanna, all of Buckingham, Pa.

Mr. Cowperthwaite started his pack of 14-inch Beagles when he imported six and one-half couple from England in 1934, which is the basis of his breeding. He has recently purchased 20 couple of the Duckhollow Beagles from Mr. Angier Bid-

Louisville Beagle Club, on Sunday, November 17th. The Louisville members came in full force and Mr. Phillip Weissinger brought his celebrated pack, of which he is owner and master. The President of the Elkhorn Club, Mrs. K. T. Maxwell, assisted by the members, greeted the Louisvillians at Grimes Mill, the place chosen from which to hunt. The day was beautiful with excellent scenting conditions prevailing. A large and enthusiastic field saw Mr. Weissinger, assisted by George Egger, first whip, Phillip Neuman, 2nd whip, and Caulay Smith, third whip, and Berry Whitehouse huntsman, cast 12 couple of his "merry little hounds," all of whose ancestors he has owned and bred for nearly forty years. Rabbits were numerous and all jumped accounted for. Mr. Joseph B. Thomas, one of America's distinguished sportsmen, joined us for the sport, and followed the runs which led along the famous Boone Creek and adjoining fields. One of the longest runs lasted fully thirty minutes and some excellent trailing was witnessed, as hounds took their line across broad plowed fields. So enthusiastic were the hunt that only as darkness fell did the master blow in hounds and turn homeward.

The party and entertainment was given at the Mill and after an enjoyable evening of hunting lore conversation, ping pong, pool, poker and much harmonizing around the piano, the guests found the spirit still willing but the flesh weak, and as much as the Elkhorn hated to see them leave they had to say adieu. However, before leaving the Louisville Club extended a most cordial invitation to the Elkhorn Club to bring their pack, of which Mrs. Harkness Edwards, of Walnut Hall Farm, is owner and master, and hunt their country at an early date.

So ended a delightful and successful day of sport.

idle Duke, these hounds were originally the Rockland Beagles.

The Master and his whippers-in, William Campbell, Ralph Swann and Edward Hendershot wear gold coats, instead of the conventional green. This attractive color is very helpful to the field in an open rolling coun-

try where long, fast runs are the rule, rather than the exception.

It may also be of interest to know that the second whipper-in, who was not present at the opening meet is Mr. David Barton, who has just finished serving in the American Field Service in France.

Duke's Weather Suggestion

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GREAT BRITAIN NOTES

Continued from Page Four

touching his cap with his whip and adding "That makes all the difference!" Maj. Petch, by the way, agrees with me that in reality, and strictly from a mathematical point of view, there is no such thing as a dead heat. I don't remember him having given such a decision more than once, and the fact is often remarked upon at York, where he now officiates, and where dead-heat verdicts once were common. There are times—especially if a judge gets 'flustered', or has not full confidence—when it is not easy to divide two horses on the post, and when a dead-heat is the easiest way out. Personally I am convinced that photography would be of no assistance in such cases, for a fraction of a second makes all the difference in the position of the horses, and it is not correct to say that photography cannot lie.

Speaking of dead heats reminds me that when I acted as a Turf judge I was appointed to one fixture, after there had been something approaching a riot at the previous meeting. The judge had put up 17 as the winner, and 9 as second. The crowd yelled themselves hoarse so that the judge had the numbers changed, making 9 the winner and 17 second. Still the crowd were furious and, completely losing his nerve, the judge had the numbers taken down again, gave it a dead-heat, and ran as fast as he could to the weighing-room.

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BUFFALO SHOW SEASON

Continued from Page One

Cavalry were mighty important features of the riding world.

The Buffalo show opened with two children's horsemanship classes, won respectively by Miss Gloria Tripi and Charles Lathrop; then settled down to real business with a novice jumping class won by Orrin Gott's *Sheaggen*. Frederick K. von Lambeck had the best of it in the open jumping with his *Sport's Heigh Ho* taking the blue, his *Sport's Headlines* taking the white, and riding Mrs. Robert A. Messler's *Glen Oaks* for the yellow between them; and Mr. and Mrs. William C. Faugh Jr.'s *Skyward* having the red under the capable hands of trainer Frank Snyder.

The touch and out was a lively and long class with Thomas Harmon's *The Limited*, Mr. and Mrs.

The other evening a party of Turf officials and trainers stayed together at a hotel, and one of the former remarked: "How strange it is that although the morals of the Turf were admittedly very bad a hundred years ago, and villainy rampant, writers who resurrect the stories of those times always tell of the Running Rein fraud and one or two other yarns which everyone knows by heart. There were lots of other incidents in the bad old days which were quite as full of trickery as ever any racing novelist dreamed of or invented." Seeing we were all interested he continued:

"The remarkable thing is that *The Calendar* is so often quite silent about what seem to have been outstanding cases of malpractice. One can only imagine that the local stewards a century ago were neither very particular, nor well-versed in the rules of racing, or that they were very latitudinarian. For instance there is no mention in *The Calendar* of occurrences at Beverley in 1839 which would certainly today have resulted in 'warnings off'. I copied out what a writer said in *The Sporting Magazine* of that year, however, and he tells the full story thus:

"The 'lion' of the meeting was The Trial Stakes, won by *Aggravator* from *Resurrection* and a field of five others by a head, and was, it is to be regretted, marked by an objection, protests and tricks, which it would be well for the Turf if they could be expunged from its annals, as their baneful influence operates too often severely upon the interests of the meetings where they occur. In this instance, however, one case was so flagrant that it merits exposure. The owner of *Resurrection* preferred a charge of crossing against *Aggravator*; after which, on *Resurrection's* rider being tried in the scale and found wanting, a cry out was raised for the bridle, which the jockey had before stated to have had with him. Notwithstanding, a ruse was played upon the lad who held *Aggravator*, his bridle obtained, and the horse made weight to the satisfaction of the Steward, thereby fraudulently entitling him to prosecute his charge of crossing. This, however, broke down and *Aggravator* was declared the winner, and then, when even 'hope had trembling fled', the fact of the deception came out. The expose we trust will have the effect of causing more attention to what articles jockeys bring to scale, and what they actually carry in the race, than is paid to this subject, particularly at country meetings."

William C. Faugh Jr.'s *Skyward* and Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Heigh Ho* going magnificently clean the first time 'round with the last mentioned and *The Limited* going to three jumps-off in which *Skyward* participated twice, and *The Limited* finally winning. Robert Lang Miller's *Stormer* and Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Headlines* each had three jump-offs, too, for the fourth place, each getting over the first jump in the first two jump-offs while *Sport's Headlines* passed the third jump for the white ribbon.

One saddle class won by Mrs. S. Jame Naple's *Royal Rex*, a western

trail class won by G. W. Fugitt's *Smokey*, and a road hack class in which practically everything was shown, won by George Haberl's *Buddy B*, completed the show.

SUMMARIES

Novice Jumpers—1. Orrin Gott's *Sheaggen*; 2. Dr. V. Levy's *Vee Jay*; 3. Mrs. J. Hopkins' *Kopper Kelly*.

Open Jumping—1. Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Heigh Ho*; 2. Mr. and Mrs. William C. Faugh Jr.'s *Skyward*; 3. Mrs. R. A. Messler's *Glen Oaks*; 4. Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Headlines*.

Touch and Out—1. Thomas Harmon's *The Limited*; 2. Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Heigh Ho*; 3. Mr. and Mrs. William C. Faugh's *Skyward*; 4. Frederick K. von Lambeck's *Sport's Headlines*.

Judges: Christopher Wadsworth of Kenmore, N. Y. and George Coit, III of Buffalo, N. Y.

Next show of the Saddle and Bridle Club of Buffalo: January 4, 1941.

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MEADOW BROOK

Continued from Page Twelve

I, "Where's hounds?" "They're gone on", he says. "How'd they git outa of here if they's gone on?" I says, "Over this here gate", he tells me. "How come you didn't go on with them then?" I asks. "Oh," says he, "I was waitin' for you". "Waitin' for me! I don't recollect you've ever been so big hearted before," and then I says to my horse, "If hounds can jump that gate so can you," and over we goes.

Allison, the whippers-in, our oldest subscriber Mr. Thompkins McIlvaine, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Thomas, Charlie Moore and Ralph had jumped it, vanished back of a barn and the bridegroom was screaming to his bride to ride hard at it, and his friend was likewise bellowing encouragement when the second flight came up.

Meanwhile a police dog had joined the hunt and thus foiled scent, so that it was some five minutes before Allison and hounds were able to untangle the line. From Winthrop's to Birmingham's where hounds checked is about 2 miles as the crow flies and as hounds ran a half mile more and the second flight clocked this burst as 13 minutes. From Birmingham's to the earth near the cowbarns in the Seuff's where hounds marked their fox is a mile and a long slow mile this was, for the pack had to work a cold line through the Moore pines, the sedge grass and the meadow which lay between.

November 23: "Marvelous day" said Bill, "There were more loose horses than mounted ones." Actually the sheep hurdle accounted for six falls and the seventh was a small child whose pony lost her on a sharp corner.

"Queer kind of a day" said Allison, "Can't say 'twas good, hounds runnin' like the devil one minute and losin' the next, but we was busy. The Phipps polo field was blank as it mostly is, and the fox we put up in Mr. Bradley Martin's goes into the wire garden soon as he can which is about five minutes. Then we draws Garvan's and Guest's but don't find nothin', till we comes to the woods next the Whitney dairy farm. This fox runs in a big circle to Garvan's, the Whitney stable an we loses him in Guest's. Forty five minutes but hounds never could get goin'".

"Somebody then hollered back by the dairy farm and I puts hounds on and they runs him south and marks him in a drain on young Mr. Louis Stoddard's driveway. Fifteen minutes that was, same kind of stop and go huntin'."

"Next fox we found in Mr. Gavin's wood and he runs through Ellis', Broad Hollow an' Burrills, where we loses after another forty-five minute hunt. This don't sound like much but it was a mighty hard day on horses, startin' and stoppin' all day as they did have to."

"Then we crosses into Mr. Howe's an jumps a fox right off but he goes straight for a drain and then Mr. Harry says 'lets go home' and home we goes." —Betty Babcock.

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Recognized 1905.



Deep Run had its best Thanksgiving hunt in years at Colonel Henry W. Anderson's Whippernock Farm in Dinwiddie County, about 40 miles from Richmond.

The 8 o'clock fixture found 52 riders mounted, and after stirrup cups were passed around, the field moved off.

Hounds represented the combined packs of three local farmers, totaling 25 couple. Many were of a Welsh strain, descendants of a famous pack of former years. Although not models of uniformity, no pack ever hunted with more brilliance or tenacity.

The first cast was made in a woods only a few hundred yards from Whippernock House, and before riders were comfortably settled in their saddles, hounds went wild, dashing away at top speed and full cry. The field was almost taken unaware, but after a quick gallop, the hunt staff found that a deer had been startled. The line was hot and the huntsman checked hounds with some difficulty.

Another covert was drawn about a quarter of a mile to the south, and hounds picked up a new line, this time a fox, and started cold trailing with admirable persistence.

The line circled and moved across the highway, thence through thick woods to a swampy section where hounds again broke loose, evidently at a point where br'er fox had rested.

It was now a case of "the devil take the hindmost" and that is exactly what happened to 80 per cent of the field. The pace was so swift and with unfamiliar country, most of the field took the wrong path where three trails met and got hopelessly lost. The balance followed hard on the heels of the native hunt staff, and found that Mister Fox had doubled back (which identified him as a gray) and had headed toward the field where hounds first struck the line.

Numerous spectators, who elected to follow in cars, got a story-book view of the hunt when the fast moving gray came across a rye field with hounds 300 yards behind. At that time the fox had his tail up and was moving easily. Hounds gained rapidly, however, and made their kill about a mile back of Whippernock.

Miss Eileen Brent of Bedford, riding her initial fox hunt, was the first lady at the kill and became the proud owner of the brush.

The field then adjourned to Colonel Anderson's for breakfast.

On Saturday, November 23, the regular weekly drag hunt was held, a field of 25 taking part.

The drag pack hunted brilliantly, with riders protesting for the first time this fall that the pace was too fast and the checks too short.

Nine casts were made, and although a few spills marred the afternoon, the hunt was definitely placed in the top bracket.

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CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE—Registered 3-year-old black Jersey bull, bred by the University of Maryland. Also 2 yearling Jersey bulls, unregistered but eligible for registration. All from good producing families. Apply Montana Hall, White Post, Va. It

FOR SALE—Grey pony, 15.2; has been hunted by children; drives and works; would make excellent lead pony. Apply The Chronicle. 11-29 tf. chg.

FOR SALE—Bay hunter by Phillip 2nd* out of Snow Shower* seven years old. Model conformation. A beautiful gelding 15.3 1/2, up to weight, lots of substance and bone lovely gaits and very light mouth. Sound. Hunted two seasons, nice goer. \$300. Also thoroughbred chestnut mare, four white feet. Winner of steeplechase races and touch and out in big shows. Fine brood mare for hunter and steeplechase prospects. Lots of bone, outstanding conformation, a good hunter. 11 years old, by Brumado*. \$250.00. Lyle T. Johnston, Ellicott City 244-J. It

THOROUGHBREDS FOR SALE—Two broodmares in foal; two weanling colts; maiden 2-year-olds; mare suitable to become broodmare; one dark chestnut 15.1 1/2 hand saddle horse, excellent record, has been handled by an amateur. For information address Brumado Farm, West Long Branch, N. J. 1t chg.

FOR SALE—A few good Hunters and children's ponies. Route 23, Radnor, Pa., David Starrett, Bob White Farm, Phone Wayne 984. 1t chg.

POSITION WANTED—With show hunters and jumpers 19-year-old, quiet, sober and conscientious rider; lightweight; has been riding and schooling show hunters and jumpers for Mrs. Walter T. Kees of New York. Best of recommendations by former employer. Address Eugene Manning, 418 East 7th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. tf-chg.

FOR SALE—Jones Terrier puppies, Telephone Middleburg 176; address P. O. Box F., Middleburg, Va. 10-25-4t-c.

Irish Working Hunter Show Mare for sale. Up to 200 pounds, excellent Jumper, magnificent disposition, 7-year-old, will consider all offers. Apply Charles Carrico Stable, River Rd., Bethesda, Md. tf.

LADIES' HUNTER FOR SALE—well schooled—well mannered, middleweight half-bred brown mare, by Out the Way, 8 years old, good mover, light mouth, fearless, easy jumper; hunted regularly with The Orange County Hounds. Price \$1,800. No fees to grooms. Can be seen and tried at "Spotswood", The Plains, Va. Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr. tf-chg

FOR SALE—4-Year-Old, unregistered, thoroughbred, chestnut mare; 15.2 1/2, suitable for a child or lady to hunt and priced for immediate sale. H. E. March, Mountain City Trust Bldg., Altoona, Penna. 11-22 3t ch.

HAVE CLIENT interested in timber prospect. Want thoroughbred weight carrier with foot and hunting experience of at least 3 seasons. Write, Box F., Middleburg, Va., stating particulars. 1t chg.

BLENHEIM

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Mare

BLENHEIM bay, 1928	Blandford	Swynford	John o'Gaunt
	Blanche	Canterbury Pilgrim	White Eagle
	*Flying Squadron	*Light Brigade	Black Cherry
			Piction
			Bridge of Sighs
		Gadfly	Hampton
			Merry Duchess

BLENHEIM's stamina is shown in his pedigree and racing record. He won 13 races and \$45,480, including Whitney Gold Cup (beating MATE), Brooklyn, Brookdale, Empire City, Broomstick, Edgemere, Aqueduct, Senator Kavanaugh Handicaps. He was also second in Jockey Club Gold Cup (twice, beaten by TWENTY GRAND and GUSTO), Dwyer Stakes and Saratoga Cup.

BLENHEIM is the sire of one of the leading two-year-olds of the year BLESIGN (never out of the money; winner of the Ral Parr and Dover Stakes, also second in Christiana Stakes, Wakefield Handicap and third in Mayflower Stakes). BLENHEIM is also sire of the winners TACTICIAN (winner at two and three 1940), NANAHCUB (winner at three and four 1940), SNEAKY HENRY, BLENETHEL, QUEEN BLENHEIM and BLENHEIM ROSE.

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Return for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by January 1, 1942. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit. No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

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In The Country:-



"Britons Never Will Be Slaves"

"Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves" and so too did this great nation rule the dramatic and emotional spirits of some 700 from the hunting countries of the eastern United States, roused with the inspiration of Mrs. Paul Mellon, the lovely lady who conceived the thought of a British War Relief Ball in Warrenton's North Wales last Saturday night. The greatest throng of sporting celebrities in Northern Virginia waltzed their belief that "Britons never will be slaves." The spacious big rooms of North Wales were packed as never before. From the old wine-cellars, jammed with guests about small tables who jokingly termed their quarters "air raid shelters" to the very top floor, up by the eaves where Tommy Lester held court in his own inimitable manner, Mrs. Robert B. Young, the very efficient and subtle diplomatic vice-chairman had seated them all. The big ball-room and dining-hall were both crowded to the very last inch for dancing—a few had front-row tables and all contributed to the \$7,000 which the evening cleared for the British War Relief Society. North Wales, the one place in the Middleburg-Warrenton sector which could shelter such a gathering, was done up in huge oil-cloth bow-knots, in red, white and blue; decorator Joseph Mullins had hung British flags from every light fixture, balloons bounded over the mantle, above Meyer Davis' Orchestra, hung the real spirit of the occasion, an inspiring picture of Their Majesties the King and Queen and the Right Hon. Winston Churchill. There for the War Relief were cousins of Mr. Churchill, the Raymond Guests, he soon to go off to active duty with the U. S. Navy, so currently hunting as many days a week as he can with his Rock Spring Hounds, of which he is Master.

Lord Lothian Late

Lord Lothian was late in arriving back from Great Britain on the Clipper, so was unable to attend the Benefit for Britain Ball at North Wales and dinner in his honor at Mrs. Amory Perkins' "Journey's End." Mrs. Perkins, a regular of Middleburg and Orange County Hunts still had many of the British Embassy on hand. Mrs. John B. Anderson, of the Orange County country, had a table at North Wales, her guests included Ned Chase, who paints horses so well. Among the many others at the Ball were the T. Beatty Browns; the Amory Cartharts, he Master of Warrenton; Stephen C. Clark, who goes to Camp Devon for the winter with Squadron A for military training in January; the Alexander Duers and daughter Lucie Duer, of Warrenton Hunt; the Robert C. Fletchers, of Piedmont Hunt, she the British War Relief Ball Treasurer; the Kenneth N. Gilpins, she Chairman of Clarke County for the Committee of the turf; the Abram S. Hewitts, of "Montana Hall" where stand Pilate and *Belfonds; the A. Mackay Smiths, he produces Cleveland Bay heavyweight hunters; the A. A. "Sandy" Baldwins, also from the valley Blue Ridge country who had with them the Edward Lihimes (she the former Eleanor Wheeler and first flighter of Mill Creek, Ill. Hunt); Mrs. H. Teller Archibald, whose Orange County farm used to be the court of Dark Hero and Westy Hogan; the Raymond McGraths; the Delancy Nicolls; Hubert Phipps, who is going to the International Livestock Show in Chicago next week; the George Sloanes; the Raymond F. Tarteries; the Arthur Whites, she of the Middleburg Ball committee, he told of Edward "Tiger" Bennett's bad fall with

Quakerstreet, the closing week at Pimlico and of his being bound tight with a cast for many weeks with a broken back; the Edwin B. Kings and the Melville Churches; the Randy Duffeys; the Francis Greenes; the Harry Frosts and Winston and Henry, whose platinum braced collar-bone still is knitting from his Mansfield Park fall.

The Admiral Draws the Lot

Admiral Potts and Brigadier General Richard Reade were guests of honor at the British War Relief Ball, in the absence of Lord Lothian of the British Embassy. Admiral Potts was prevailed upon to do the drawing for the lucky chance which would win a sparkling new Ford car presented by Ed Burke at cost, from the Middleburg agency. The Admiral drew, in great silence and the name of Floyd Rose, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was read, the winner. He will keep the car. Chairman Mary Mellon and Vice-Chairman Sybil Young sensed the opportunity of selling many more chances on the diamond clip presented by Cartier. When it seemed assured that every cavalier had spent his all, the Admiral again stepped forward to pluck the winning ticket from the gold fish bowl, this time Mrs. Lewis M. Allen, (wife of the noted Dr. Allen, who brought the Duchess of Windsor into the world and is also famous for *Coq Gaulois, Coq D'Esprit, Coq Bruvere, Red Tape and other Clifton Farm thoroughbred greats) was the winner, hailing from Berryville, Va.

Not Woods, Bronze

Norman Toerge was down in Middleburg for the Thanksgiving weekend, joining Mrs. Toerge who has been hunting through October and November in Virginia. Her daughter Geraldine Redmon was among the 114 with her mother at the Middleburg Thanksgiving pageant hunt. Gurdon Woods, who sculpts horses so well in bronze, and but recently turned over his Battle Day work to Freddy Warburg, did Mrs. Toerge's famous Camp of the show ring some months ago. A recent visitor in their Long Island home spotted it and remarked: "That's Woods isn't?" and came Kath's "No, bronze." Among other families on hand for the Foxcroft Thanksgiving festivities were the Carl Schmidlapps, who annually trek to Virginia, stopping with the Thomas B. Davieses of "Dinwiddie". Frances Schmidlapp is heading for Tucson for the winter.

Harvey Shaffer East Again

Harvey Shaffer, who hopped via American Air Lines to Tucson to see about his son Wallace who cracked up in his car, returned to Virginia on Monday, just getting in before the ice-storm. Word comes that Wallace is to lie quietly in the hospital to mend some vertebrae, before being incased with a cast and flown home for Xmas with the Laurens Hamilsons, his mother. According to Harvey, when Wallace's car hit the road under repair it careened off into cement fence posts and mowed them down like a tank.

Of The Edgar Scotts

The Edgar Scotts, of Villa Nova, and she of Bond Street riding fame this season, were down for the British War Relief Ball. She will drive her own trailer and horses down for hunting next week in Virginia, stopping with the Raymond Guests, when Edgar takes off for the sunny Pacific.

The Canadian Clelands

The Cleland brothers, who are far more than the Lieutenants of yesterday in rank by now, are quite thoroughly in Canadian service. No longer do they ride Margot, Blue Shadows and Hill Storm in hunter events in the show ring or Margot, Shaugraun and Roxana in jumper competition. One is in the Air Corps the other is riding a motor-cycle.

Among the 700

Table placards in North Wales proved reservations were in the name of the David Finleys, who had Lord Cottenham with them; the Leander McCormick Goodharts; the George L. Harrisons. (they have *Happy Argo at their Blue Ridge stud); Mrs. John A. Hinckley, she

Master of Old Dominion Hounds; the Eugene Meyers of Washington; the Frederick H. Princes, he rushed to Unionville, Pa., for a day with Plunket Stewart, M. J. H., on Monday, where a borrowed horse proved in the need of proper bitting; the Frank Littleton Jrs., the C. Oliver Iselin Jrs., the Barrington Halls; Sen. and Mrs. Thomas Glascock, Piedmont Hounds met on Tuesday at their "Bollingbrook"; the Arthur Charringtons; the Algernon Davys with the Holland Potters; the Fletcher Harpers, the Kent Legares and the well known Virginia breeders William F. Hitt, of Sun Meadow and Ed Crump and William H. Lipscomb of Dunlin and Scotch Broom.

The National's Magnet

When Blanche Clark's Lord Britain, among other hunters and jumpers, pulled up short in the Garden during the National, inspection found that nails were sticking in their frogs. The Committee quick to act on any National situation, rushed to a steel contractor who trucked over a huge electric magnet which was moved over the whole ring, gathering nails and other bits of metal from the dirt with which contractors had filled the Garden oval.

Millers' Runantell

Mrs. William Miller, of Chicago, was east for the National Horse Show with daughter Nancy, who is the owner of the good conformation horse Demopolis, last spring's Washington Horse Show champion. Demopolis has done well for Nancy who will be showing him this coming week in the Chicago International Livestock Exposition and Horse Show. Mrs. Miller recently purchased a 4-year-old by Runantell from J. North Fletcher in Warrenton, and has turned the hunter prospect over to Max Bonham in Indianapolis, so that Nancy and sister Sally can break him out in the spring shows.

Bill's Two Hardcastles

When Bill Farnsworth, Tall Trees Stable's 7-year-old veteran by Crack Brigade, romped down the Bowie stretch to win the 18th running of the Hardcastle Handicap from seven other Class C performers last Monday, it was the second straight triumph for "Bill" in this particular feature. He won it last year in a closely contested photo-finish from J. L. Sloan's Ebonito. This year his margin of victory was a head over F. L. Kelley's Float Away whom he gave altogether 17 pounds.

Churchill A Horseman

Mrs. James Van Allen calls to our attention that "Let worries be worries and cares be cares. Winston Churchill is mad about horses." We are told that riding is more than a sport to him, it is part of his credo. In the Rene Kraus biography of the great Prime Minister, published this year by Lippincott, he is quoted as saying: "No one ever came to grief—except honorable grief—thru riding horses. No hour of life is lost that is spent in the saddle. Young men have often been ruined thru owning horses, or thru backing horses, but never thru riding them. Unless, of course, they break their necks, which, taken at a gallop, is a good death to die."

Treweryns

David B. Sharp, Jr., the capable master and huntsman of the Treweryn Beagles of Berwyn, Pa., deserves great credit for the consistent record that his hounds scored at the beagle pack trials this fall. Competing at both the Gladstone in New Jersey and the National in Virginia, Mr. Sharp entered 14 Treweryn packs in 12 field trials classes. Treweryn Hounds won 13 awards, including 3 firsts and 4 seconds, placing in every class in which they contested.

My Rising Tide's Death

Dr. Austin C. Lynn's good hunter My Rising Tide met with a fatal accident on Thanksgiving day while out with the Frankstown Hunt. The accident occurred at the Harry Matthews farm in Scotch Valley where it was necessary to jump a gate into a lane. A board and nail sticking up from the center of the gate caused "Tide" as he was known, to shy and attempt to jump the woven wire fence to one side. Catching his feet in the wire, the horse fell and, breaking his neck, was killed instantly. Dr. Lynn was thrown clear and sustained a slightly sprained shoulder. Dr. Lynn, who is chief of staff at the Philipsburg State Hospital in Philipsburg, Pa., hunted with

Middleburg when he was a visitor here last winter.

Oglebay's At Charlottesville

Crispin Oglebay, the Chagrin Valley Hunt member who has known such fame and success with Holystone of the shows and Level Best of this year's 2-year-old filly crop, has sent four yearlings to Dr. J. P. Jones, trainer. Dr. Jones, of the Garth clan, has handled the successful season of Level Best and will start the yearlings along the long road to the races. Three are home-bred by Mr. Oglebay, a *Sickle filly out of Anchors Ahead, who is a full sister to Speed Boat dam of Level Best; a *Royal Minstrel colt out of Torpedo, a Man o'War mare; and a Diavolo colt out of Huette, by Huon. The other is by Jack High, a filly out of Alice Foster, a full sister to Andy K.

Artist Visitor

H. Robert Hildebrand, who does those attractive dog portraits in pastel which made such popular Christmas presents hereabouts last year, was in Middleburg last Saturday and spoke of plans to return for further portraits before the holidays. Mr. Hildebrand expects to be in Middleburg frequently during the next few weeks and may be reached by calling The Chronicle office. One of the pictures he did last year which attracted much favorable comment was that of two poodles belonging to Miss Charlotte Noland.

Brookmeade Weanlings

Hugh Fontaine, trainer for Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable, has 13 weanlings coming up for 1942 training. The Chronicle had the pleasure of seeing 9 of them recently. There's a good home-bred colt by High Quest out of Eight O'Clock, a half sister to Eight Thirty, foaled in April, and connections are rather high on the Psychic Bid—Chicotta filly, also an April foal, a half-sister to Mettlesome. A Calvadade filly out of the Royal Minstrel mare Swing Time is another good prospect. Swing Time like Level Best is out of the Man o'War mare Speed Boat.

Continued on Page Twenty

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Town Crier

By W. Gartrell



"What wretched thou? The vision raised his head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so.'
The angel said, 'Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, 'I pray thee, then
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
He came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

There must be a Ben Adhem in Loudoun County and Mercer District if one may judge from a budget recently released by the Loudoun County Tuberculosis Association showing a grand Seal Sale in 1939 of just a few dollars under two thousand. This money already has been spent in controlling the spread of tuberculosis in our district and county, thereby adding to the health and safety of each and everyone. Now again, seals are in the mails, now again the need is acute, now again our district and county will give a strong and forceful YES to the question of holding in leash one of the most dreaded and dreadful of human scourges. Already blest of God in resources, may Loudoun's name lead all the rest in response to this urgent call for help.

Telltale finger prints on an automobile door and on a stone or two led a coroner's jury in Leesburg Monday to name Joe Napper as the slayer of Charlie Harris, whose battered body was found by "de law" in his automobile near a dance hall in Negro Mountain last Saturday night. The lads, both colored, are said to have gone to the jamboree ready for trouble and crippled Joe Napper took toll of Harris after he had emptied his gun in the hall and then took refuge in his car. Napper is the third of his family to take a life, two other brothers already doing time. Until the colored race is divorced from the practice of carrying a small arsenal around to social functions, Saturday night's affair, which left three small children and a mother without visible means of support, will figure in the annals of the race.

Travellers from the "Nawth" who have not seen our town since she began to wash her own face are delighted at her (dare we say metropolitan?) appearance. Of course the loss of the old maple trees on west Washington street is deplored, but the improvement, say the transients, more than makes up for the maples and more trees will grow in time. The Mayor and Council are to be congratulated upon this forward step which takes Middleburg out of the Van Winkle class.

The grade school auditorium, scene of the late Battle of Middle-

In The Country

Continued from Page Nineteen

Wall At Charles Town

Colonel John F. Wall, former chief of the U. S. Remount and author of "Thoroughbred Bloodlines", is the third man appointed to act in the steward's stand at the Charles Town meeting, which opens on December 2. Stewarding with Colonel Wall will be Kentuckian Leslie Combs II, representing the Charles Town Association and T. C. Bradley, representing the Virginia Racing Commission. Colonel Wall, whose home is in South Carolina, is well known to Virginians, having been in command at the Front Royal Remount Depot a number of years back.

After Show Waldorf Hours.

Each night, after the National Horse Show, exhibitors, members of the military teams and others would gather in the show's club rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria. Varied extemporaneous entertainment was enjoyed on each occasion. On the closing night, a larger crowd than usual was on hand, and the usual merriment continued—then Amory L. Haskell, President called upon various contestants and committeemen for a word. J. Spencer Weed, ex-President, from 1932-37, after remarking on the success of the show and its benefit to the Red Cross, worked in Irving Cobb's great remark of the novitiate equestrian describing a saddle: "It's like a chafing dish"; Captain Royce A. Drake, leader of the U. S. victorious jumping team said apropos the "no point team performance": "It was the happiest moment of my life—when I rode King Hi, my score meant nothing, the others had gone clean"; Maj. Eduardo Yanez, leader of the Chileans, offered: "The people of N. Y. helped us with applause and the high sporting spirit of this country is a great joy to know in competition"; Maj. Armando Villarreal, leader of the Mexicans replied to Mr. Haskell, with thanks to everyone and "Hopes for the continuance of the show"; then a tribute to the Chilean mare Chilena and of Major Yanez who had "Tears of a hardened soldier for the loss of a beloved friend"; Captain Camilio G. Chavez, leader of the Cubans: "Even in our own language I couldn't express thanks to the N. H. A. and hopes for the continuance of the show, year after year, regardless of what may happen all over the world."

Steeplechasing's Dozen

Now that the 1940 steeplechase season has faded into history, a glance backward over The Chronicle's records shows that, of all the approximate 250-some, or more perhaps (that is a rough estimate) chasers that have taken part in the brush activities at the big tracks this year, the actual stakes winners can almost be ticked off on the fingers of both hands. They are: *Animal*, Charles L. Appleton Memorial Cup; *Bachelor Phillip*, Georgetown Handicap; *Cartermore*, Foxcatcher National Cup; *Cottesmore*, Meadow Brook, North American, Beverwyck, Grand National and Temple Gwathmey Memorial; *Dolly's Love*, Saratoga, Battleship and Manly Memorial; *Good Chance*, Governer Ogle; *Invasion*, Broad Hollow; *Mad Policy*, Brook; *Ossabaw*, Corinthian and Shillelagh; *Satilla*, International; *Straw Boss*, Indian River; and *Whaddon Chase*, the Jervis Spencer Memorial—a round dozen to be exact. Last year there were fifteen stakes winners from far fewer contenders than went out this season. Of the above names, only five, **Cot-*

burg, will be the locale of a very different kind of gathering this afternoon and evening as the ladies of the Methodist Church converge to put over their annual bazaar and supper. And how those folks can and do cook! Food that never saw inside a bakery, all homemade and better than the two kings ruling today are able to enjoy. Now is the time for all good Epicures and true to show their colors.

tesmore, *Good Chance*, *Mad Policy*, *Satilla* and *Whaddon Chase* were on the 1939 roster.

Favorsome

There is one horse The Chronicle would like to see take a crack at this country's brush talent and that is the Canadian 'chaser *Favorsome*. This 6-year-old gelded son of *Somers Heir*—*Favorite*, by *Runnymede*, owned and trained by F. H. Hammond, has been racing over hurdles up in British Columbia. Of his 12 starts this year *Favorsome* has won seven and finished out of the money only twice. In his last outing, at Willows Park on September 18, he carried 170 pounds giving away as much as 37 pounds to some of the other contenders, and won his race.

The Pfizer Cup

The Pfizer Cup, point-to-point meeting, held annually in the Essex countryside to try the mettle of the best hunters over a route of 3 miles was taken in handy fashion by Shelton E. Martin's *Amberbrook*. R. P. "Babe" Gibb finished 2nd on his *Censurer*. He customarily rides Rodger D. Mellick's *Racket* in the heavyweight Ajax Bowl, won this year by Percy Pyne on his own *Trumpaway*. *Racket* won in 1939 and 1938 also winning the Pfizer Cup, likewise of 3 miles, in 1938 in the same afternoon.

The Mount Paul Farms, offering beautiful footing and clean fences was the setting, the course fashioned these many years ago by those Corinthian riding Winstons, Francis L. "Jimmy" and John L. From "A Drag with the Old Essex", by Somerset, comes the following, representing the country the meeting was held in, and printed on the back of the program:

"On, to Mt. Paul, through its chestnut cover,
Up its rough slope to the top and over,
Then what a picture greets our eyes:
One's heart beats faster in glad surprise."

"There stretched out to the South in view
The Peapack Valley and hills of blue—
A valley of grass and a line to follow,
Toward Gladstone and Peapack in their hollow,
A line to gallop and jump at speed,
A line to test the worth of your steed."

Wise Brave and Sack

T. D. Buhl's *Wise Brave* and Mrs. E. C. Eastwood's *Sack* are both sons of the Maryland sire *Bud Lerner*. The former is a 2-year-old, the latter three. On November 16 both started at Bowie. *Wise Brave* winning the first race and *Sack* winning the second. Their next appearance was again on the same day, November 22, and again both won, *Wise Brave* taking the 4th race and *Sack* scoring in the 5th. The former is trained by A. G. Wilson, the latter by J. B. Hatfield.

Hide And Two Shoes

A story was told in a recent number of 'The Chronicle' of a police court case in which application was made to the magistrate to order the destruction of a circus horse. The animal, it was alleged had peculiarly shaped hooves and was thereby in pain. There was a long legal argument, a protracted examination of two veterinary surgeons holding contrary opinions as to whether or not there was any suffering, and eventually the circus proprietor was called to give evidence. He too, was subjected to much cross-examination before astonishing the court by announcing that the horse was dead. "Do you mean to say that the time of the court has been wasted trying to decide whether a dead animal should be put down? Why haven't you said before that it was dead?" demanded the magistrate. "Because no one has asked me!" was the reply. All this reminds one (writes J. Fairfax-Blakeborough) of the old story told in rhyme of two Yorkshire horse dealers who, after much haggling, agreed upon a 'swop' with two horses. Then one of them then announced that his horse was dead, and the other, not at all nonplussed, retorted that his animal was not only dead but flayed. The ballad ends: So Tommy got t'better of t'bargain, a vast,

And came off with a Yorkshireman's triumph at last;

For though 'twixt dead horses there's not much to choose,

Yet Tommy was richer by the hide and two shoes.

Okole Hao Celebration

So pleased was breeder Laddie Sanford over 3-year-old maiden *Okole Hao*'s victory over brush recently, 'tis said, that he gave a party to celebrate the momentous occasion. The youngster, a son of *Mokatam*, who stands at Pine Brook Stud near Warrenton, Va., had never been in any kind of race when he was dropped into Pimlico's special weight affair for maidens on November 11. Every one of his five opponents had campaigned through two seasons and most of them had finished in the money at some point in their careers, but that didn't stop *Okole Hao*, who ran and jumped as he was asked, met the stretch opposition like a veteran and won from E. B. Schley's *Chaloner* by a convincing length.

Boyle's Half Acre

The A. J. Boyles, he president-manager of the Charles Town Jockey Club, which organization is holding its 18 day December meeting from the 2-21, have a half-acre thoroughbred nursery adjoining the race association's grounds. There it is the intention of the Boyles to show the public the progressive stages of the thoroughbred. Down by the backstretch are 7 mares and 3 weanlings in a new barn that the racegoer may see from whence their mutual ticket bearers come and how they grow. The mares include *Briar Bunny*, by *Min Brilar*, with a **Challenger II* filly (the mare is going to the court of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's *Discovery* in the spring); *Five Oaks*, by **Stefan The Great*, a good race mare in foal to *English Knight* to be bred back to the Vanderbilt *Identify*; *Manuscript*, by *High Time*, in foal to *Duel*, a son of **Challenger II* and along with *Star Chase*, by *Purchase* in foal to **Challenger II* to go to the court of Abram S. Hewitt's *Pilate* in the spring; *Letter Box*, by *Messenger*, in foal to *Grand Time*; *Porteuse*, by *The Porter*, in foal to Charles V. B. Cushman's *Double Scotch* and with a *Double Scotch* lassie; and *Pukka Heaven*, by *Peter Pan*—*Nemesis*, by *John* out of *Regret* the only filly winner of the Kentucky Derby, who will also go to William L. Brann's **Challenger II* this next season.

Fred Atkinson

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